

APRIL 1970

The Quarterly Journal



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COVER: *Rock Form*, from a portfolio of original photographs by Brett Weston.

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In this issue

- 91 The Making of Poems
by WILLIAM JAY SMITH
- 99 The Frontiers of Literature
by A. D. HOPE
- 105 Poet of Wide Horizons
A Note on Saint-John Perse
by KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN
- 109 The Greatest Whitman Collector and the
Greatest Whitman Collection
by JOHN C. BRODERICK
- 129 Consultants Choice
Poems
by ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH, JOSEPH AUSLANDER,
ALLEN TATE, ROBERT PENN WARREN, LOUISE BOGAN,
KARL SHAPIRO, ROBERT LOWELL, LÉONIE ADAMS,
ELIZABETH BISHOP, CONRAD POTTER AIKEN,
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, RANDALL JARRELL,
ROBERT FROST, RICHARD EBERHART, LOUIS UNTERMEYER,
HOWARD NEMEROV, REED WHITTEMORE, STEPHEN SPENDER,
JAMES DICKEY, and WILLIAM JAY SMITH
- 171 Walt Whitman: The Man and the Poet
*Catalog of the Sesquicentennial Exhibit held in the Library
of Congress from May 1969 to January 1970*
- 177 Poetry in Library of Congress Publications
and Recordings

Sarah L. Wallace, *Editor* / Florence E. Nichol, *Assistant Editor*

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Editor's Note

Although it is doubtful that Members of the infant Congress of the United States foresaw a great need for poetry in their political life, they included Varlo's *Husbandry*, Rush on *Yellow Fever*, and Burns' poems among the volumes that both Houses had acquired by 1800. In that year the Library of Congress was established and the Government removed to the new Capital on the Potomac.

The 1812 catalog of the Library's collection, however, contained a class for poetry and drama. William Johnston, one of the Library's historians, saw this as practical and reasonable:

The legislators of that time were without academic training in politics; they found their precedents in the poetry, not in the legislation of the past, their political arguments in the verses of Greek and Roman writers, not in the principles of political economy, or of constitutional or international law.

When the Members, after strenuous debate, agreed in 1815 to the purchase of the library of Thomas Jefferson to replace the one burned when the British fired the Capitol in 1814, they acquired, along with "a most admirable substratum for a National Library," a worthy collection of poetry.

Jefferson had created his own classification for his books, dividing them first "According to the faculties of the mind employed on them"—Memory, Reason, and Imagination. These three, he said, were applied respectively to History, Philosophy, and Fine Arts. Poetry he placed under Fine Arts, subdividing it further into seven chap-



In a quest for illustrations that would convey something of the spirit of poetry, the editors came upon a portfolio of Brett Weston's original photographs of Baja California. Mr. Weston not only gave the Quarterly Journal permission to reproduce the prints in this issue but also supplied the titles for them. They are Rock Form, which appears on the cover; Yucca, above and on page 129; and Sand Dune, on pages 130–131. The portfolio is in the Library's Prints and Photographs Division.

ters: Epic; Romance; Pastorals, Odes, and Elegies; Didactic; Tragedy; Comedy; and Dialogue and Epistles. Homer and Virgil were well represented in his collection. And we find Tasso and Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, and among Jefferson's contemporaries, Mercy Warren, Philip Freneau, and Phillis Wheatley. Jefferson wrote that in his youth he was fond of poetry and easily pleased, but with age and cares "the powers of fancy declined." In his *Thoughts on English Prosody* he observed:

when young, any composition pleases which unites a little sense, some imagination, and some rhythm, in doses however small. But as we advance in life, these things fall off one by one, and I suspect we are left at last with only Homer and Virgil perhaps with Homer alone. He like "Hope travels on nor quits us when we die" . . .

Unlike Jefferson, the Library's love for poetry did not fall off with age; instead it grew stronger. This issue of the *Quarterly Journal* presents a few of the many aspects of that long and lively relationship. There is an opening piece by William Jay Smith, the present Consultant to the Library in Poetry in English. A. D. Hope represents one of the many poets from the United States and other countries who visit the Library to read their poetry or to give lectures such as the one published here. Katherine Garrison Chapin, one of the Library's Consultants in American Letters, has written a warm and personal profile of Alexis Saint-Leger Leger, who served as a consultant in French literature during his self-imposed exile in the United States. Illustrative of the research resources in poetry is John C. Broderick's article on Whitman and the Feinberg collection on Whitman, which anonymous donors are enabling the Library to acquire.



The Library of Congress staff frequently marvels at the generosity of the many gifted men and women who have served it as consultants and fellows. This issue, capped with a section of poems by the poetry consultants, is another indication of that generosity. Their response to the request that they select poems to represent them and grant the Library permission to reprint them

was prompt and wholehearted. So was that of their publishers.

What does a poetry consultant do? Howard Nemerov reported in October 1963 that "The Consultant in Poetry is a very busy man, chiefly because he spends so much time talking with people who want to know what the Consultant in Poetry does." Twenty-six years earlier, Herbert Putnam, then Librarian of Congress, had outlined his concept of their duties when he explained the need for endowments to "provide Chairs." The incumbents would be "quite exempt from administrative duties and free to devote themselves to the perfecting of our collections and to advisory service to the public in the use of them." They would not "so much engage in research as aid others in the pursuit of it." Similar in type of service but less in degree were the consultancies with which the Library had had "a fortunate experience" during the last eight years. With gratification he noted an additional endowment in this category, one for a consultancy in poetry in English for which Joseph Auslander was promptly engaged. Archibald MacLeish, who succeeded Dr. Putnam as Librarian, felt that "the Chair of Poetry . . . could be made a source of great strength to American poetry by making it available to a succession of poets who would use it not as a Library position for Library purposes, but as a means of carrying on their own work for a period." In April 1943 he could report to Archer M. Huntington, the anonymous donor of the endowment for the chair, that it would be filled from year to year by "distinguished men of letters."

Allen Tate was the first to serve under this new concept, entering "upon his work with enthusiasm." At the close of his term in 1944, it could be reported that he had immediately undertaken a survey of the collections in American and English poetry, had compiled a number of want lists, and had launched the *Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions*. Robert Penn Warren, who succeeded Tate as consultant, also succeeded him as editor of the *Journal*. Among other activities, he continued the survey of the Library's holdings in English and American poetry, recommended titles for purchase, arranged for recordings of poets and novelists reading their own works, and prepared two editions of poems for talking books for the blind. And so it has gone

for all the consultants. They have written, spoken, advised, evaluated, planned, recorded, reviewed, recommended, edited, and taught. Many have continued to serve the Library in other capacities—as Fellows or Honorary Consultants in American Letters, as participants in conferences, panel discussions, and poetry festivals. But even more they have added interest and color to the life of the Library and have become valued friends not only of the staff but of the many people throughout the country whose paths a consultant crosses.



Katherine Garrison Chapin (Mrs. Francis Biddle) was in the group of Fellows of the Library of Congress who met for the first time on May 26-27, 1944. Others in the group were Katherine Anne Porter, Willard Thorp, Mark Van Doren, Van Wyck Brooks, Paul Green, Allen Tate, and Carl Sandburg. Mrs. Biddle, who over the years has not only served many terms as Fellow and as Honorary Consultant in American Letters but who has also made many appearances on the stage in the Library's Coolidge Auditorium, recalls that one never knew what a Fellow might be called upon to do. Since she was the only one of the group who lived in Washington, the Fellows usually adjourned to her house after their meetings in Archibald MacLeish's office. There they would continue their lively discussions over the dinner table. Not infrequently, one of the group would stay overnight with the Biddles. And when she accepted her first appointment as a Fellow, Mrs. Biddle confesses that she had not foreseen that it would embroil her in helping to furnish the Consultant's office. Some of that furniture is still used by the consultants, although Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall provided for a Poetry Room, which was opened on Shakespeare's birthday in April 1951.



In November 1950 Mrs. Whittall had written to the Librarian, expressing her wish to establish a poetry fund in the Library of Congress. Her offer was accepted by the Library's Trust Fund Board, and the Gertrude Clarke Whittall Poetry and Literature Fund became the foundation of many of the Library's literary activities. Under

its auspices, distinguished poets from various countries have been invited to the Library for an International Poetry Festival to be held in April 1970. Translators, many of whom are distinguished poets themselves, will read in English the works of their foreign colleagues. Stephen Spender, Consultant to the Library in Poetry in English, 1965-66, had expressed a strong interest in a conference of translators and the translated. There existed strong argument, he said, "that a poet not be expected to produce an exact paraphrase of a foreign poem into his own language: but a poem which has the qualities of his own original work, the inspiration for which is a poem in another language. At the same time certain poets object strongly to this . . ." Spender also pointed out the emergence of a new generation of poets behind the Iron Curtain, who attach great importance to the appearance of their poems, translated, in countries other than their own. "The question of translating," he wrote, "is not academic. It has become a very living and urgent problem of great concern to writers in other languages."

When the *Quarterly Journal* staff was selecting illustrations for this issue, they came upon a letter from Alexis Leger, presenting the manuscript of his poem *Exil* to Archibald MacLeish. In it, he expresses his concern with this very problem of translation, revealing at the same time the sensitivity to words, and sounds, and rhythms that makes the poet. He summarized some of the difficulties confronting the translator:

I don't know whether such a work can be published in French in the United States. And it would be untranslatable: not so much because of its intellectual content—its abstractions, ellipses and deliberate ambiguities—but rather because of technical considerations—alliteration, assonance, and incantatory effects (which follow the rhythm of the surf itself.) And also because of its literal sense—the etymological resources of certain words, even the slightest and simplest ones.

Among the concrete expressions there is only one rare or exotic word, for which I apologize: "azalaie," which you will not find in any ordinary dictionary, it is the name of the great annual salt caravan in the African desert. I needed the word at one point for a certain transposition.

The International Poetry Festival is the most recent of several lively and luminous Library gatherings of poets and poetry lovers. There was the National Poetry Festival held October 22–24, 1962, its nine sessions sparkling with poetry readings and discussions of poetry. There was the symposium on May 1, 1965, observing the 700th anniversary of Dante's birth. And in contrast there was a month earlier, on April 2 and 3, the assembling of literary editors, teachers, and writers from as far as Alaska and Pakistan for a conference on contemporary literature. There was the Festival of Poetry held in November 1969 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of National Children's Book Week. And regularly, poetry readings, literary lectures, and dramatic programs are presented on Monday nights during the season. Nor is the audience limited to Washington. Many programs are recorded for the Archive of Recorded Poetry and Literature and many have been broadcast as noncommercial programs. Since 1966 most of these tapes have also been made available to the National Educational Radio Network. A gift to the Library has allowed the Library, with the cooperation of a local education television station, to videotape a limited number of programs on an experimental basis.



In the mail delivered to the Librarian on September 10, 1969, was a modest postcard. On it Louise Bogan had written, "I shall be happy to choose one of my poems for inclusion in the special issue of the *Quarterly Journal*." Six months later, as that special issue was going to the printer for page proof, word came that Louise Bogan was dead. Others have and will continue to describe her writings, list her prizes, and review her life. To the Library she was a close and valued friend. During her term as Consultant in Poetry she compiled the checklist *Works in Humanities Published in Great Britain, 1939–1946*, and through a grant from the Bollingen

Foundation to the Library, initiated a program of poetry recordings. She is included in the Library's series *Twentieth Century Poetry in English: Recordings of Poets Reading Their Own Poems* and was a frequent visitor to the Library. She was a participant in the National Poetry Festival and just a few months ago in the Festival of Poetry, appearing at the evening session with Padraic Colum and William Jay Smith. She encouraged young poets—*les jeunes*, she called them—and was among the first to review Mr. Smith's first volume of poems. During the National Poetry Festival, she said:

The fact that art is "difficult and needs a long and thorough training" is sometimes overlooked in our period, when so much emphasis is placed upon the immediate response and upon the improvisational effect. . . . it is a heartening experience for young poets to get into print early, and to keep getting into print as they go along.



Libraries see their mission as the conservators and communicators of human ideas. In its long and close relationship with poets and its share in making their poems known to constantly changing and growing audiences—roles that are only hinted at in the pages that follow—the Library of Congress has both broadened and deepened its mission of preserving and sharing human thought and experience. Richard Wilbur voiced something of this same thought when he said:

It is true that the poet does not directly address his neighbors; but he does address a great congress of persons who dwell at the back of his mind, a congress of all those who have taught him and whom he has admired; they constitute his ideal audience and his better self. To this congress the poet speaks not of peculiar and personal things, but of what in himself is most common, most anonymous, most fundamental, most true of all men . . . SLW

The Making of Poems

by William Jay Smith

When I think about the writing of poetry, about the making of poems, my own poems, three pictures come to mind. In the first, as a small child, I see myself waking in a room in a quiet house early in the morning. There is absolutely no sound except for the breathing of my brother, still asleep beside me. The room is dark, and I look toward the window. The shades are drawn—old, faded, dark shades—the green of which is like that of a stagnant pool. They have been on the windows for years in all the rooms I can remember. Through the green come small pricks and points of light scattered unevenly up and down and across, making, together with the rips in the green canvas fabric, a series of odd designs. As I lie awake, I try to shape these designs, these points and lines of light, into animals and plants, fabulous creatures, familiar and far-off places. It is like looking up at the sky, but this sky belongs only to me. The whole world—my parents, my brother, the house—is still asleep, still shrouded in night. Outside the world is waking; the crowing of roosters flutters the dark shades. I know that before long, outside and in, all the familiar activities of that world will resume as they do day after day, but here it is still night, still the beginning of the world. On this side of darkness, out of the few specks of light, I can make my own world. The shades provide me a kind of code, which, if I can read correctly, brings me a vision I can carry in my head through this day and every

other. Although the framework is virtually the same (except for new specks, new cracks, new tears that slowly appear), the possibilities are endless: the patterns exist within the room and within myself. I must have been thinking unconsciously of this years later when I wrote one morning at Arnhem in Holland:

From the cassowary's beak come streaks of light,
Morning, and possibility.
In the countries of the north
Ice breaks, and breaking, blossoms forth
With possibility; and day abounds
In light and color, color, sounds.¹

A second picture comes to mind; I am at the desk in my cabin on shipboard during the war and all night I have been decoding messages brought to me by the radioman. There is no sound except the muted and regular rumble of the engines and the slap of the waves with the pitch and roll of the ship. Finally I put the code book aside—all the groups of meaningless letters which I know must have their meaning—and gaze at the pages of blank paper on my desk. In my drowsy state, I see on them another kind of code: here, if I can only decipher it, is the key to the poems I have not yet written but which I still carry in my head. And then I go out on deck: dawn is breaking over an empty gray ocean, and a poem begins to take shape in the back of my mind as the stars slowly fade.

A third picture: I am in a room somewhere in a motel or hotel. On one wall is a vast mirror which reflects in its cold expanse a huge bad painting showing a classical ruin with unidentifiable flowers climbing an unidentifiable column

William Jay Smith is the Library of Congress Consultant in Poetry in English.

in an unidentifiable country while two forlorn figures stand on the edge of mossy rocks and a ship sails for an unidentifiable destination. There is no sound except the ice machine down the corridor or the hum of traffic in the distance. I am thoroughly relaxed: only one other person in the world knows where I am, and I seem to have all infinity before me, although in reality it may be only a few hours, a day or a night. In one corner is an unopened briefcase packed with unanswered letters which are going to remain unanswered for a while longer. On the wide bed—or beds—are spread out, on bits of frayed paper, blurred notebook pages, backs of dog-eared envelopes, formless sentences or closely knit stanzas which I know have no meaning to anyone else but to me are the makings of the still unwritten poem on which I have been working for months or years. It will not be easy, I know, to fit all the bits and pieces together. Many, if not all, of my notes may prove useless, and I may still have to start from scratch. There are two or three other poems that I have carried in my head for months from room to room, house to house, city to city, that now seem infinitely more interesting than the one I have spread out before me. And it takes all my will power not to sweep all the notes off the bed and back into my bag and to crawl under the covers, shut out the world, and sleep. As the young Jules Laforgue, having “only the friendship of hotel rooms,” put it:

And so before long I began to write,
But the Devil of Truth who hovered near
Would lean and whistle in my ear:
“Enough, poor fool, put out the light.”²

Somehow the poet subdues or at least comes to terms with the antipoet, and composition begins.



Poets have always been haunted by the blank page—to use a phrase of Louise Bogan’s which I shall come to later—by that “stark unprinted silence.” Of the white page the French poet Mallarmé developed a whole esthetic. Many of his poems are concerned with whiteness, with the danger of departing on a terrible voyage on which, as he put it in one of his most famous poems, “A throw of the dice will never abolish

chance.” W. H. Auden has summed up Mallarmé’s obsession in the form of a cleriheuw:

Mallarmé

Had too much to say;

He could never quite

Leave the paper white.³

There is something terrifying about the blank page, untouched, innocent, and pure. (A well-known woman poet was once staying with me in the country, and on a trip into town we stopped to pick up some supplies. When she said she needed some paper on which to write, I handed her a large block of loose-leaf notebook filler, which she immediately rejected. “I could never,” she said firmly and, I thought, rather grandly, “write poems on paper that has holes in it.” She was right, of course, because holes can clearly only accentuate the blankness of the page.) A poem often seems so complete in one’s head and so inadequate when one begins to set it down. Richard Wilbur has said that he carries around the idea of a poem in his mind as if it were a precious possession; he wants to keep it to himself until the time comes to write down the entire poem. Then he wants to communicate it, to show it to someone as soon as it is finished.

Every poet is haunted by the blank page, by its cold, white, terrifying mystery. The Greek Nobel Prize winner, George Seferis, has a curious story to tell in this connection. At one time he was having a book of his poems printed in Greece, and, going over the final page proofs, he realized that there would be several blank pages if the book were to have its proper form. He saw at once that these were the pages on which the poem “The King of Asine” was to appear. What was simpler than that to insert the poem where it properly belonged? All very well, but the truth dawned on him: the poem, while it existed in his head, had not yet been written. And then a second horrible realization: he had sent off, with a friend, his manuscripts, among them all the notes for this particular poem which he had taken in the course of two years. The single reference to the King of Asine in *The Iliad* had haunted him for some time. Nothing whatever is known of this king. Homer refers to him only once as one of the kings who sent off ships to Troy; but this was enough for the poet: he had

to give voice to the mystery, to make known the unknown, to fill in the blank. And so he sat down, without his notes, aided only by his concentration and his memory; he sat down, confronting the mystery, and wrote off the poem as it now appears. It is one of the great poems of the twentieth century, and, in its fine English translation by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherard, has much to say, I think, about the mysterious making of poetry:

THE KING OF ASINE

'*Asinon te . . .*

ILIAD

We looked all morning round the citadel starting from the shaded side, there where the sea green and without luster—breast of a slain peacock—received us like time without an opening in it. Veins of rock dropped down from high above, twisted vines, naked, many-branched, coming alive at the water's touch, while the eye following them struggled to escape the tiresome rocking, losing strength continually.

On the sunny side a long open beach and the light striking diamonds on the huge walls. No living thing, the wild doves gone and the king of Asine, whom we've been trying to find for two years now, unknown, forgotten by all, even by Homer, only one word in the *Iliad* and that uncertain, thrown here like the gold burial mask. You touched it, remember its sound? Hollow in the light like a dry jar in dug earth: the same sound that our oars make in the sea. The king of Asine a void under the mask everywhere with us everywhere with us, under a name: "*'Asinon te . . . 'Asinon te . . .*"

and his children statues and his desires the fluttering of birds, and the wind in the gaps between his thoughts, and his ships anchored in a vanished port: under the mask a void.

Behind the large eyes the curved lips the curls carved in relief on the gold cover of our existence a dark spot that you see traveling like a fish in the dawn calm of the sea: a void everywhere with us. And the bird that flew away last winter with a broken wing the shelter of life, and the young woman who left to play

with the dogteeth of summer and the soul that sought the lower world squeaking and the country like a large plane-leaf swept along by the torrent of the sun with the ancient monuments and the contemporary sorrow.

And the poet lingers, looking at the stones, and asks himself does there really exist among these ruined lines, edges, points, hollows, and curves does there really exist here where one meets the path of rain, wind, and ruin does there exist the movement of the face, shape of the tenderness of those who've shrunk so strangely in our lives, those who remained the shadow of waves and thoughts with the sea's boundlessness or perhaps no, nothing is left but the weight the nostalgia for the weight of a living existence there where we now remain unsubstantial, bending like the branches of a terrible willow-tree heaped in permanent despair while the yellow current slowly carries down rushes up-rooted in the mud image of a form that the sentence to everlasting bitterness has turned to marble: the poet a void.

Shieldbearer, the sun climbed warring, and from the depths of the cave a startled bat hit the light as an arrow hits a shield: "*'Asinon te . . . 'Asinon te . . .*" Could that be the king of Asine we've been searching for so carefully on this acropolis sometimes touching with our fingers his touch upon the stones. ⁴

Asine, summer '38—Athens, Jan. '40



The poem, as it moves from the mind to the page, seems guided like the bat in the cave by some strange and inexplicable radar. Louise Bogan's "Song for the Last Act" is so classically and simply structured that one would never suppose that it had not come quickly and completely from the mind of the poet:

SONG FOR THE LAST ACT

Now that I have your face by heart, I look
Less at its features than its darkening frame
Where quince and melon, yellow as young flame,

Lie with quilled dahlias and the shepherd's crook.
Beyond, a garden. There, in insolent ease
The lead and marble figures watch the show
Of yet another summer loath to go
Although the scythes hang in the apple trees.

Now that I have your face by heart, I look.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read
In the black chords upon a dulling page
Music that is not meant for music's cage,
Whose emblems mix with words that shake and bleed.
The staves are shuttled over with a stark
Unprinted silence. In a double dream
I must spell out the storm, the running stream.
The beat's too swift. The notes shift in the dark.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see
The wharves with their great ships and architraves;
The rigging and the cargo and the slaves
On a strange beach under a broken sky.
O not departure, but a voyage done!
The bales stand on the stone; the anchor weeps
Its red rust downward, and the long vine creeps
Beside the salt herb, in the lengthening sun.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see.⁶

What is most remarkable about this poem is its precision in movement and line. Every word from the opening *Now* to the final *see* is part of the whole; and the whole unfolds like the sides of a screen on which everything is depicted with the utmost clarity. The poem is, in form, a triptych in which the reader may *look* and *read* and *see*; indeed, those three verbs are the hinges on which the whole rests and unfolds. But it was not always so. Miss Bogan has told me of the composition of this poem: what she began with—what was given—was the sense of the stanzas itself and the refrain. In her words, she had hit upon the form right off. What she did not know was how that form was going to change in the course of composition. She had originally set down four stanzas, inspired by the etchings of Claude Lorrain, the seventeenth-century French classical painter, whose landscapes are usually painted against the light and yet are always fully luminous, bathed with mysterious and subtle indirection. The poem had lain for a good many years in a folder just as she had originally set it down. When she took it up again, she went over it all carefully, getting the words just right, but still

she was not sure of the final version. Although the poem was complete, something was wrong. She did what many poets in similar circumstances have done: she showed it to a friend and fellow poet, Rolfe Humphries. Mr. Humphries pointed out to her that to him the final fourth stanza was not only unnecessary but disconcerting. The poem, he said, was a triptych and should stand as such. She agreed, and the poem exists now in its seemingly inevitable magnificence. It is interesting that, although Miss Bogan calls her poem a song, it not the *sound* that predominates. It is the *vision* that is all important, for even in the second stanza where she is speaking of music and the sound of music, it is music as depicted, as scored, on the page—music that must be *spelled out* and *read*. The simple external vision of the garden at the beginning, the thing that is *looked at*, as one looks at the face of a loved one, becomes in the end the inner vision of the thing *seen*, seen truly, finally, and inevitably: "O not departure, but a voyage done!" What has been looked at has been read and seen, and the poet's journey has been completed.



There is no more fascinating, tantalizing, and, of course, questionable account of the making of poems than that in Coleridge's famous Prefatory Note to *Kubla Khan*:

In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage:" "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to

have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but alas! without the after restoration of the latter."

A. D. Hope has written a brilliant, pertinent, and amusing commentary on this passage:

PERSONS FROM PORLOCK

It was unfortunate: Poor S.T.C.!
Once in his life, once only among men,
Once in the process of Eternity,
It happened, and it will not happen again:
His dream unbidden took shape as poetry,
And waking, he recalled it, and his pen
Set down the magic lines—then came the dread
Summons from Porlock and the vision fled.

Fortunate Coleridge! He at least began.
Porlock was tardy, almost missed its cue;
Something at least was saved of *Kubla Khan*,
And Porlock's agent, give the man his due,
Paid him that single visit in the span
Of a long life of three score years and two.
The Ancient Mariner, it is fair to mention,
Escaped the Person's sinister attention.

The Swan of Porlock is a kind of duck;
It quacks and has a large, absurd behind—
Yes, on the whole, the poet was in luck.
Think of his fate had Porlock been less kind;
The paps of Porlock might have given him suck;
Teachers from Porlock organized his mind,
And Porlock's Muse inspired the vapid strain
Of: "Porlock, Loveliest Village of the Plain!"

And had his baffled genius stood the test,
With that one vision which is death to hide
Burning for utterance in the poet's breast,
Porlock might still be trusted to provide
Neighbours from Porlock, culled from Porlock's best,
The sweetest girl in Porlock for his bride,
In due course to surround him with some young
Persons from Porlock, always giving tongue.

Eight hours a day of honest Porlock toil,
And Porlock parties—useless to refuse—

The ritual gardening of Porlock soil,
Would leave him time still for a spare-time Muse—
And when with conscience murdered, wits aboil,
He shook the dust of Porlock from his shoes,
Some would be apt to blame him, some to scoff,
But others kindly come to see him off.

Porlock was gone: the marvellous dream was there.
"In Xanadu . . ."—He knew the words by rote,
Had but to set them down.

To his despair
He found a man from Porlock wore his coat,
And thought his thoughts; and, stolid in his chair,
A person fresh from Porlock sat and wrote:
"Amid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Voices of Porlock babbling round the bar." "

There are everywhere those persons from Porlock who have succeeded in turning the poet into one of them. They are always those who hold out the money bags, those money bags that Baudelaire showed his eyes riveted on in one of his drawings; they are the givers of grants and fellowships, the offerers of advances, the gravy without which the poet's usual crumbs seem meager and dry indeed. They are often those closest to the poet—who is always somewhere midway between Porlock and Linton—and they offer him love and understanding. I remember my mother, who encouraged me immeasurably in every undertaking, coming into the room when I had a glazed and far-off look in my eye and remarking, "Are you doped up on that poetry again?" Like all mothers, even non-Jewish ones, she wanted the best for her son, and if he wanted poetry, she wanted him to have it, but could she be sure, poor darling, that it was really *good* for him?

There is perhaps no better defense against the persons from Porlock than that of turning their own nonsense back on them so that they may see it shining and clear before they overtake us, and no one was better able to do so than Edward Lear. Note this entry of April 9, 1868, in his *Journal of a Landscape Painter in Corsica*:

The night voyage, though far from pleasant, has not been as bad as might have been anticipated. He is fortunate, who, after ten hours of sea passage can reckon up no worse memories than those of a passive condition of suffering—of that dislocation of mind and body, or inability to think straightforward, so to speak, when the outer man is twisted, and rolled, and jerked, and the movements of thought seem more or less to correspond with those of the body. Wearily go by

"The slow sad hours that bring us all
things ill,"

and vain is the effort to enliven them as every fresh lurch of the vessel tangles practical or pictorial suggestions with untimely scraps of poetry, indistinct regrets and predictions, couplets for a new "Book of Nonsense," and all kinds of inconsequent imbecilities—after this sort—

Would it not have been better to have remained at Cannes, where I had not yet visited Theoule, the Saut de Loup, and other places?

Had I not said, scores of times, such and such a voyage was the last I would make?

Tomorrow, when "morn broadens on the borders of the dark," shall I see Corsica's "snowy mountain-tops fringing the (Eastern) sky"?

Did the sentinels of lordly Volaterra see, as Lord Macaulay says they did, "Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops," and not rather these same Corsican tops, "fringing the southern sky"?

Did they see any tops at all, or if any, which tops?

Will the daybreak ever happen?

Will 2 o'clock ever arrive?

Will the two poodles above stairs ever cease to run about the deck?

Is it not disagreeable to look forward to two or three months of travelling quite alone?

Would it not be delightful to travel, as J. A. S. is about to do, in company with a wife and child?

Does it not, as years advance, become clearer that it is very odious to be alone?

Have not many very distinguished persons, *Cenone* among others, arrived at this conclusion?

Did she not say, with evident displeasure—

"And from that time to this I am alone
And I shall be alone until I die"—

Will those poodles ever cease from trotting up and down the deck?

Is it not unpleasant, at fifty-six years of age, to feel that it is increasingly probable that a man can never hope to be otherwise than alone, never, no, never more?

Did not Edgar Poe's raven distinctly say, "Nevermore"?

Will those poodles be quiet? "Quoth the raven, nevermore."

Will there be anything worth seeing in Corsica?

Is there any romance left in that island? is there any sublimity or beauty in its scenery?

Have I taken too much baggage?

Have I not rather taken too little?

Am I not an idiot for coming at all?—

Thus, and in such a groove, did the machinery of thought go on, gradually refusing to move otherwise than by jerky spasms, after the fashion of mechanical

Ollendorff exercises, or verb-catechisms of familiar phrases—

Are there not Banditti?

Had there not been Vendetta?

Were there not Corsican brothers?

Should I not carry clothes for all sorts of weather?

Must THOU not have taken a dress coat?

Had HE not many letters of introduction?

Might WE not have taken extra pairs of spectacles?

Could YOU not have provided numerous walking boots?

Should THEY not have forgotten boxes of quinine pills?

Shall WE possess flea-powder?

Could YOU not procure copper money?

May THEY not find cream cheeses?

Should there not be innumerable moufflons?

Ought not the cabin lamps and glasses to cease jingling?

Might not those poodles stop worrying?—

thus and thus, till by reason of long hours of monotonous rolling and shaking, a sort of comatose insensibility, miscalled sleep, takes the place of all thought, and so the night passes.⁸

What might Edward Lear not have made of the Muzak-fed and plastic-enclosed world of today?



In speaking of the making of poems, whether they well from the deepest layers of sense or bubble out from the upper levels of nonsense. I have described perhaps an impossible parabola. But then the writing of poetry, as Walter de la Mare has pointed out, is indeed the most curious of human activities.

I used to go hunting mushrooms on a farm in Vermont, and gradually I came to know one particular place where morels, those rarest and most delicious of mushrooms, were to be found. It was not far from the house at a bend of the road under large maple trees. They would spring up overnight each year at the same time, at the end of May after a night of rain. I had gathered them for several years when finally one day, having brought them back to the house, I sat down, when they had been cooked and eaten as they had been so many times before, and wrote off a poem that I had not consciously planned to write. I knew after it was written, however, that it was one I had lived with for a long time, although it spoke only of the events of that one

afternoon and had seemed to spring up as quickly as the morels themselves.

Poems do not always come so quickly to mind, nor do they always spring up in the same place or in the same form. Five years ago I took my younger son, then ten years old, deep-sea fishing off Long Beach, Calif. I am a poor fisherman, although I love "messaging about in boats." I certainly did not in this particular instance relish the thought of this trip with some sixty-odd tourists on board a ship "eighty-five feet long, twenty-three foot beam, twin diesels, twin stacks painted red, white, and blue." But I knew from the moment we went

Through gray streets, at 10:00 p.m., down to Pierpont
Landing, Long Beach, where, in the window of a
shop offering every type of fishing gear,

Are displayed fish carved from driftwood by the natives
of Bali, each representing in true colors and exact
dimensions a fish found on their reefs,

Colors derived from bark and root (each fish, when
completed, is bartered for rice; no money is in-
volved) . . .

that somewhere on this trip a poem lay waiting to be written. Perhaps for this reason I began at once, while my son looked around the shop on the pier, to write down in detail the descriptions of the fish in the window. It was not until we got back that I realized that the poem I thought might grow out of this display was really the journey itself and all that had happened on it, all we had seen and done, from beginning to end. It was not a story really; there was no story to tell: sixty-five people on a regular fishing trip one hundred thirty-five miles off the coast of Southern California had caught one hundred twenty-five albacore. My son and I were among them; he had caught one, and I, none. It had all been a bloody business, the albacore coming up half-eaten by sharks, and then, on the way back, we had come close to a pod of whales. But in sorting it all out afterwards, I knew that it was a narrative that I had to put down just as I saw it, one whose whole meaning would gradually become clear to me—and I hope to my reader—during the three years that it took me to record "Fishing for Albacore."⁹

The woods in Missouri on the banks of the Mississippi through which I used to tramp end-

lessly as a boy had their terrifying aspects. All around in them were sinkholes left by an earthquake; at the bottom of each was an overgrown black hole which I was convinced was a bottomless pit that would surely swallow me up if I allowed myself to slip into it. As I went along skirting the sinkholes, I would come at times on a snake and at other times on a covey of quail. In the absolute stillness of the autumn woods both were terrifying, but in the vision of the quail there was not only terror but a haunting beauty as well. I have tried to put it down in "Quail in Autumn:"

Autumn has turned the dark trees toward the hill;
The wind has ceased; the air is white and chill.
Red leaves no longer dance against your foot,
The branch reverts to tree, the tree to root.

And now in this bare place your step will find
A twig that snaps flintlike against the mind;
Then thundering above your giddy head,
Small quail dart up, through shafting sunlight fled.

Like brightness buried by one's sullen mood
The quail rise startled from the threadbare wood;
A voice, a step, a swift sun-thrust of feather
And earth and air come properly together.¹⁰

I wrote this thirty years ago as a college student, and had never published it. Almost every word in it is just as I set it down with the exception of the first two lines of the final stanza. When I came on the poem a few years ago (I never throw any paper away even if it contains only a phrase or two), I found that I had written something like this:

The quail rise startled from the autumn wood,
Love makes its brief appearance as it should.

I realized, of course, that to a young man of twenty love is what always appears, or should appear, at any time of the day or night, but in middle age, I could see that what I had really experienced so long ago—and was still experiencing—was the chilling beauty, the terror, of poetry itself:

Like brightness buried by one's sullen mood
The quail rise startled from the threadbare wood:
A voice, a step, a swift sun-thrust of feather
And earth and air come properly together.



There is, I am told, a Poets' Competition in Barcelona. After the poems have been read aloud, the judges award the prizes in a most unusual fashion. The author of the third best poem receives a rose made of silver, the author of the second best, a rose made of gold, and the author of the best—the most enduring and most original—a real rose. One might think of these awards as a metaphor for the making of poems. What is given the poet—that phrase, that image, that scrap that circles around for months in his

head, that God-given inspiration—is of silver. The second stage, that of composition and revision, when the poet must work constantly over every syllable, never at the same time losing sight of the whole, and when anything earned seems more precious than anything received—that stage is of gold. The third and final stage, when the poem is released and belongs to the reader and to the world, if the poet has succeeded and has been true to his vision, that final stage is the *natural* one, when the finished work may take its place, organically whole, beside the great work of life itself.

NOTES AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

¹ From "Morning at Arnhem," *Poems: 1947-1957* by William Jay Smith (Boston, Little, Brown, 1957), p. 65.

² From "Foreword," *Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue*, edited and translated by William Jay Smith (New York, Grove Press, 1956), p. 74.

³ From *Homage to Clio* by W. H. Auden (New York, Random House, 1960), p. 88. Copyright © 1960 by W. H. Auden. Reprinted with permission of Random House.

⁴ From *George Seferis: Collected Poems 1924-1955* translated, edited, and introduced by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard (London, Jonathan Cape, 1969), p. 259-265. Copyright © 1967 by Princeton University Press; Supplemented Edition, 1969. Reprinted by permission of Princeton University Press and Jonathan Cape Ltd.

⁵ From *The Blue Estuaries, Poems: 1923-1968* (New York, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1968), p. 119-120.

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⁶ From Coleridge's *Complete Works*, edited by William G. T. Shedd (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1853), vol. 7, p. 212.

⁷ From *Collected Poems, 1930-1965* by A. D. Hope (New York, Viking Press, 1966), p. 104-106. Copyright © 1960 by A. D. Hope; all rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc., and Angus and Robertson Ltd.

⁸ From Edward Lear's *Journal of a Landscape Painter in Corsica* (London, R. J. Bush, 1870), p. 2.

⁹ Published in *Poetry*, 113: 295-301 (February 1969).

¹⁰ From *The Tin Can and Other Poems* (New York, A Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press, 1966), p. 29. Copyright © 1966 by William Jay Smith. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

The Frontiers of Literature

by *A. D. Hope*

I might expect an Australian audience listening to a lecture on American literature to know a good deal about the main writers and the main trends of American writing. Australians are perhaps more aware of American life and culture today than they are even of English life and culture. But an American audience can hardly be expected to have much background knowledge of so small, and to them so remote, a field of writing as Australian letters. To talk about it directly would involve me in too much description and would involve far too much illustration.

I have therefore chosen to speak on a more general problem and one which affects all the literature written in the English language, including your own, though my illustrations, for reasons that will appear, will be drawn mainly from the history of Australian writing. What I want to do is to question our customary way of looking at these national literatures which we call Australian, British, Canadian, American, South African, and so on. It is increasingly our habit to think of them in national terms, as though what delimits and distinguishes one literature from another was a matter of social group or even of political geography. I believe that view is based on a partial misunderstanding and that what I call the "frontiers" of literature in this sense is a more complicated thing than we

think. The history of writing in Australia, I believe, shows the nature and the effects of this misunderstanding.

The first and most natural "frontier" of a literature is that of language. In the last resort a literature is defined by the language it is written in. The literature defined by the word English is only about seven to eight hundred years old, because beyond that we can no longer understand it without learning it as we learn any other foreign language. For the first four hundred years the linguistic frontier and the geographic frontier were more or less the same. English literature was the literature of England with slight extensions into the borders of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. It was, moreover, in spite of some writing in dialects other than that of southern England, increasingly the literature of one small population, of a single influential class bound together by the same customs, beliefs, and cultural traditions, so that what I call the third frontier, which defines a literature in terms of common social practices and experience, was more or less the same frontier with those of language and geography. As I am a poet, I draw my examples from poetry for the most part. From Chaucer to Milton, the English poets wrote for Englishmen in England in the language of the educated upper classes.

But from the seventeenth century onward it became increasingly difficult to define English literature in this way. The three frontiers continued to overlap but they were no longer coterminous. First in the Americas, then in India, in South Africa, in the Far East, in Australia, and

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in New Zealand, new societies began to grow up. They all spoke the English language and, because the first generations were transplanted Englishmen, they shared a common culture and tradition. But not for long. Within a generation or two the new, strange lands claimed them; they began to speak with a different accent, to live and think in new ways; they did not simply inherit a tradition and a culture from its source but modified it in original and distinctive ways. A "colonial style" emerged in each of the new countries. Within one, two, or three hundred years they achieved political independence and looked on themselves as nations, distinct and separate societies sharing a common language, though even that might be expected in the course of time to break up into sublanguages and then into separate tongues, just as the Latin spoken in the old provinces of the Roman Empire became the new languages of the new and distinct Romance nations and their literatures.

This was roughly the picture of the English-speaking countries which we have inherited from the nineteenth century. It was a plausible and a credible picture, and it was probably reinforced by the prevailing tendency to see all historical processes in Darwinian terms. From any parent stock one might expect new species to develop under the influence of isolation and competition. An American, Australian, Canadian, even a Jamaican or a Falkland Islands, literature might be expected ultimately to develop as a thing sui generis.

During the last century the great prestige of the literature and culture of England kept these aspirations very much in their place, except in the United States, which already had a number of writers of genius and a body of writing at once nationally distinctive and of a quality to support the claim of a separate American literature. The writers and the public knew it, though it was not till this century that academic scholars and critics were able to admit it. Nowadays it seems quite natural to have courses in American literature, treated as a separate study of a unique and coherent body of writing and a developing and distinct tradition of culture. Even British universities have begun to recognize the fact. It is only in the last ten years that Australian literature has been admitted as a subject of university study; yet the achievements of the writers of the United

States have naturally set the pattern of expectation for a younger country like Australia. Given another hundred years, we feel that we too would have a separate and distinctive national literature.

Such expectations were present from the beginning in Australian writing. In 1821, only thirty years or so after the foundation of the colony at Sydney Cove, William Charles Wentworth, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, wrote a poem, *Australasia*, for the Chancellor's Medal. He failed to win the prize, but his views on the future of Australian literature have continued to be those of Australians ever since. In heroic couplets he invoked the Muse:

Celestial poesy! whose genial sway
Earth's furthest habitable shores obey;

* * * * *

Descend thou also on my native land,
And on some mountain summit take thy stand;
Thence issuing soon a purer font be seen
Than charmed Castalia or famed Hippocrene;
And there a richer, nobler fame arise,
Than on Parnassus met the adoring eyes.
And tho', bright goddess, on these far blue hills,
That pour their thousand swift pellucid rills,
Where Warragumba's rage has rent in twain
Opposing mountains, thundering to the plain,
No child of song has yet invoked thy aid,
'Neath their primeval solitary shade,—
Still, gracious powers some kindly soul inspire,
To wake to life my country's unknown lyre

* * * * *

And grant that yet an Austral Milton's song
Pactolus-like flow deep and rich along.

Wentworth, who lived to be one of Australia's most able politicians, was obviously no Austral Milton himself. But *Australasia* is interesting for being the first statement of an unshakable belief among Australian writers, a belief which still persists, that some day Australia is going to have her own Miltons and Shakespeares, that Australian literature will be a separate and uniquely national one and not a mere extension of English literature, and that, indeed, it will be a superior product—a richer, a nobler, and a purer stream.

The first task before the early writers was to adapt the accepted forms of literature to the new environment, and that environment was so unlike anything in England that it was not an easy task. Take one or two examples. About the time that Wentworth was trying, not very successfully,

to acclimatize the Muses and Parnassus among the ranges of the Warragamba River and the forests of wattle and eucalyptus, a young man in England called John Keats was writing his immortal *Ode to a Nightingale*. One of the earliest Australian poets of real talent, Charles Harpur, complained that the names given by its early settlers and convicts to the animals and plants of the new country were so grotesque that they were not possible in serious poetry. We have, in fact, a night bird whose song, on two notes, has a beauty and a melancholy effect when heard on still nights, equal to, if not more effective than, the nightingale. But the word "nightingale" has all the rich associations of European poetry behind it. The early settlers, in parody of their night bird's song, christened it the morepork, since it seemed to be calling for more pork, more pork! As Harpur pointed out, it was impossible to write a serious ode on the level of Keats' poem to a bird with such a name. Think of it: *Ode to a Morepork!*

The problem was not quickly solved. In 1888 when the first serious anthology of Australian verse appeared, it was reviewed, not unkindly, by Oscar Wilde. But he pointed out that Australian writers fell into the arms of an apparently insoluble dilemma. If they were determinedly Australian in idiom and image, they sounded comic, but if they avoided coming to grips with the local scene they seemed a pale, provincial echo of English verse.

"What strikes one on reading over Mr. Sladen's collection," said Oscar Wilde, "is the depressing provinciality of mood and manner in almost every writer. Page follows page, and we find nothing but echoes without music, reflections without beauty, second-rate magazine verses and third-rate verses for Colonial newspapers. . . . On the whole, we have artless Nature in her most irritating form. Of course Australia is young, younger even than America whose youth is now one of her oldest and most hallowed traditions, but the entire want of originality of treatment is curious."

"Still," Wilde wrote, "there are some singers here well worth studying, and it is interesting to read about poets who lie under the shadow of the gum-tree, gather wattle blossoms and budda-wong and sarsaparilla for their loves, and wander

through the glades of Mount Baw-baw listening to the careless raptures of the mopoke."

At the time Wilde was writing, literature in Australia had, in fact, already entered on a new phase in which novelists and poets alike began to write of and in the new country without embarrassment and in its own terms; the colonial stage was over and writers no longer felt they had to explain the country to readers in England and America. The new writing, in the bush stories of Henry Lawson, Steele Rudd, and Joseph Furphy or the bush ballads of poets like Lawson, Ogilvie, and Patterson, was crude at times and at times crudely comic. But it achieved what the American humorist of the nineteenth century achieved for American literature: the acclimatization of literary forms and literary language, the creation of a distinctively Australian prose and verse style, and the adaptation of Australian idiom to the purposes of literature. It looked as though the dream of a distinct and specifically Australian literature was about to become a reality.

What has actually happened in the past fifty years has been almost the reverse of this expectation. Australia in the nineteenth century was a case of a small society spread thin over a continent nearly as large as the United States and at a low level of culture: an uncultivated, acquisitive, and materialistic society, as many observers from Charles Darwin to Anthony Trollope described it. It was isolated from Europe, and its tendency to develop its own character and characteristics went on unchecked. The Australian accent and idiom became as markedly different from the English of England as had the American accent and idiom. But then the process began to slow down and even to go into reverse. The last half century has seen a rise in civilization, in wealth, in technology, and in the fine arts. The pastoralist society of the nineteenth century has taken second place. Australia is now a highly industrialized and sophisticated society. Its communications with the rest of the world have broken down the old isolation and checked the tendency to idiosyncrasy. Australian painters, famous now in Europe as well as in their own country, follow the international movements of modern painting. Australian novelists write like novelists everywhere else. Their novels are written in a standard English, about people as such and not about

Australia as such. They take the country for granted, as an American, French, or British novelist would. Even the Australian language appears to be losing much of its rustic, colonial character; and, under the influence of education and of British and American films, television, and radio, the Australian pronunciation and accent are being modified in much the same way as these means of communication are eroding the provincial dialects in Great Britain. Instead of getting further and further away from the parent stock, literature, in common with all other aspects of our culture, seems to be becoming more like it; instead of a distinctive national culture, we seem to be moving more and more toward an international culture.

This may be only a passing phase, but I do not think so. I believe, in fact, that the old evolutionary pattern of the multiplication of new species was a misleading one, and in the rest of this lecture I should like to suggest what I think is the real pattern.

In one sense, as I have already suggested, Australian literature may be considered simply a part of English literature, somewhat isolated during the nineteenth century but coming back into fuller contact in the twentieth. In fact, it has sometimes occurred to me that all this talk about Canadian, Australian, South African, Irish, New Zealand, or American literatures is rather misleading, and future generations of critics may very well see it as quite false. I have often had Fulbright scholars coming to me in Canberra to make comparative studies of what they call Australian and American frontier literature. I have some difficulty in persuading them that there is no such thing with us in the sense that Americans understand the term. When Australia was settled, it was settled all over fairly quickly and fairly easily, though rather thinly. *It was all frontier all the time.* There was never a center of Australian culture and life behind an advancing and primitive frontier, as there was in both Canada and the United States. With us there were no neighbors, no rivals, no wild beasts or formidable natural barriers, and the native population was negligible. Australia, as a matter of fact, could be regarded throughout the nineteenth century as a frontier state of Great Britain. Future historians may well adopt the view, now just becoming popular, of treating the expansion of

England into the Americas, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and into smaller bits and pieces as a single movement of expansion lasting some four hundred years. During most of that time there was a center of culture and civilization itself gradually expanding from London to the British Isles as a whole—a process almost complete by 1950, when Scottish and Irish and Welsh culture had become little more than faint flavoring of the homogeneous culture pattern of Great Britain. Outside this lay the British frontier lands in the countries I have mentioned, and in these for a time there developed a frontier literature which we may call the frontier literature of the whole body. By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the frontier period in all this vast area was practically over. In some parts it had long been a thing of the past. Civilization had advanced to the frontiers.

Let us suppose a historian of the twenty-third century is looking back on this period. He would note that in the first two or three hundred years of the process the language changed away from standard English. There were marked dialect pronunciations in Canada, the United States, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. In the same way he would note the emergence of what looked like the beginning of specific national literatures. But this was during a period of isolation, rapid growth, and a lower standard of wealth, culture, and education in the outlying lands. He would perhaps note, by the twentieth century, an enormous increase in the means of communication, a universal raising of standards of culture and education, and a slowing down in the absolute rate of growth as populations filled up and countries developed from pioneer communities into modern industrial states, all of much the same pattern. From the beginning of the twentieth century, he would say there was a tendency for the whole English-speaking area to integrate more and more in language and culture. The center perhaps was now the United States rather than England but you could not really say the center was anywhere. What emerged was an English-speaking literature with regional peculiarities no more important than those which a generation ago separated the work of W. B. Yeats or Bernard Shaw from that of Robert Graves or John Galsworthy. There is not much more to justify our classifying the

first two as Irish literature and the second two as English literature than the passion for classification itself. Indeed, if my view of how things are going is correct, the pattern of the writers of the future will be figures like Henry James and T. S. Eliot: English writers or American? Does it matter? Is Aldous Huxley an American writer now? Does it matter? Will it even mean anything a hundred years from now?

The fact is that our thinking has been conditioned to the view that separate language communities must always grow further and further apart. We have neglected to notice that a new period of history has begun in which uniformity and assimilation is the pattern and in which national differences will have to fight to preserve themselves at all. Just as the dialects are dying in the British Isles today and regional differences are melting into a common British social structure and a common British culture, so tomorrow we may have something like a common English-speaking culture and a common English literature.

The center and main influence in this common culture and language community is more likely, as I have said, to be the United States than Great Britain. It is unlikely that regional differences will all disappear; but in each country they may tend to be more marked in the writers who are known only in their own areas—just as is already the case with writers like Yeats, Joyce, and Shaw as compared with minor figures who write only for an Irish audience. The work of these internationally known writers will in the future, and does now, I think, form a body of literature which transcends frontiers and constitutes what we should call the body of "literature in English": a single continuing and coherent tradition. The roots of literature in this sense will be both local and international, and one will be fruitful and stimulating for the other. Australia, because it began later and never went so far along the road to national distinctiveness, is perhaps today further along the new path than the United States.

The thesis I have developed here is, of course, only tentative. I would modify it, if I could be sure, by the influence of what I call the fourth frontier, which may in its turn reverse the proc-

esses I have been describing, or at least hold them in check. The fourth frontier is that of viability. A literature has not only its geographical, linguistic, and social frontiers, it is also delimited by the power of the human mind to take in things as a whole. Already, in Australia, as in other parts of the English-speaking world, the ambitions of scholars to treat this body of literature as one body, one tradition, and one cultural phenomenon are being defeated by its very immensity. Some hundreds of millions of people in a dozen countries now have English as their native tongue or as their literary language. Readers and writers increase yearly with the increase in the level of education in all these countries. It is already impossible for me, as a teacher, to keep track of all the major poets in the United States, let alone in England, South Africa, New Zealand, India, East and West Africa, and the West Indies. In another generation, if present trends continue, it will be impossible to know properly more than the writers of one's own country and perhaps the main figures of the international group I mentioned a while ago. It is possible that in the end the very size of literature in the English language will make it impossible for it to continue as a single entity or a coherent tradition. It will burst its frontiers and there will be a return to national frontiers and even to provincial and regional frontiers within the larger groups. It will be a long time before we have in Australia a specific literature of the Victorian Alps or the Western Deserts, but there may be a day not far distant when the literature of the United States is forced by the mere weight of numbers to divide itself into subspecies.

I think it not irrelevant to raise these questions in connection with Australian literature, since it is natural for us to be aware of them. In England or in America you are self-dependent, your cultures rest on their own bases and have their own roots in your soils. What they draw from outside is less important. But in Australia we still draw on Great Britain and America for the trends and changes in the tradition. We have not yet initiated any important movement in that tradition. Because of this, we are perhaps more alert to changes which make it difficult to hold the tradition together.

Exil

A Archibald MacKeith

Portes ouvertes sur les sables, portes ouvertes
sur l'exil,

Les clés aux gens du phare, et l'autre roué
vif sur la pierre du seuil :

Mon hôte, laissez-moi votre maison de
verre dans les sables ...

L'île de gypte aiguë ses fers de lance
dans nos plaies,

J'élis un lieu flagrant et nul comme
l'ossuaire des Saitons

Et, sur toutes grèves de ce monde, l'esprit
du dieu fumant d'été sa couche d'amiante.

Les spasmes de l'éclair sont pour le
ravitement des Princes en Tauride.

x
x x

Poet of Wide Horizons

A Note on Saint-John Perse

by Katherine Garrison Chapin

Alexis Leger, who writes under the name of Saint-John Perse, came to Washington during the early days of the Second World War. As diplomat and statesman he had served the French Government at the Quai d'Orsay for many years, was Special Assistant to Aristide Briand, and permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs until the fall of France in 1940. When the Germans invaded Paris, Leger was urged and helped by friends to escape. He crossed the Channel to England and later reached the United States. The Gestapo—on whose list he was Public Enemy No. 2, well known for his anti-Hitler and anti-imperialist position—raided his apartment searching for important political information. What they took, manuscripts covering the work of 18 years, would have been no help to the German Command or their Foreign Office. The incredible loss was to French literature and to lovers of poetry the world over.

That Leger was a poet was known only to a small group of writers in France, among them André Gide, Léon Paul Fargue, and Valéry Larbaud, who had followed his early career, and when he returned from diplomatic duty in China they persuaded him to publish a poem in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. Thus *Anabase*, one of the important seminal poems of our generation, appeared in 1924 and soon thereafter was translated into English by T. S. Eliot. But it was to be the last of Leger's publications for the next 18 years. He intended to devote himself to his

diplomatic and government duties without the interruptions that a literary life in France might demand. He continued to write but wanted to wait until he retired from public life before moving openly into the world of his own creation. The war intervened, and the work he had accomplished was lost.

When he arrived in the United States in the summer of 1940, he was indeed an exile, deprived by the collaborationist Vichy government of his citizenship, his property, his *légion d'honneur*, and any immediate means of living. The spiritual deprivation was more complete: in the years ahead he had to watch the destruction of projects and ideas to which he had given a lifetime of work—the peace of Europe, Anglo-French relationship, even containment of Nazi Germany.

Archibald MacLeish, then Librarian of Congress, had long been an admirer of the poetry of Perse, writing once of his work, "It belongs in time as the trees belong in the wind." They had not known each other in Paris, but when they finally met here and MacLeish took the measure of the man and realized that Leger would accept no financial help from any government not his own, he explained to him the existence of a fund in the Library of Congress donated by private citizens for special needs, which the Librarian could administer. Thus, he finally persuaded Leger to come to the Library as consultant in French literature, hoping he would find here a spiritual refuge and a small means of existence. It was a brilliant move and made the few years that followed important in the life of a great poet.

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For the war news was grim, the future doubtful, the days lonely. Yet Perse kept alive his poetic spirit of discovery and was always avid to see the strangeness of new lands and people—"living things among us" (*beaucoup de choses sur la terre à entendre et à voir, choses vivantes parmi nous*). He had links with America in the past, and at this moment it represented a place where a man could still survive against tyranny.

To my husband, Francis Biddle, and to me he brought wide vistas of thought. He was stimulating and always surprising, a man of contrasts, of apparent contradictions. A great talker and raconteur with an ebullient sense of humor, he is also a man of silence: "mouth closed forever over the leaf of the soul." He moves in an orbit of his own, linked to the rhythms of the cosmic world, its animals, skies, and the changing seasons. He is warm and understanding in friendship; to speak of someone as "humane" is his highest praise. He enjoys simple people, a Maine forester, a Canadian fisherman.

He does not like cities. When we could get away from Washington we took him with us, to Big Meadows in the Virginia mountains, to the Carolina coast, and finally to Cape Cod. Each voyage left us with a new memory of our own land.

I am happiest to remember the days he spent with us at Long Beach Island on the coast of New Jersey, the "lieu flagrant et nul" which he has immortalized in his poem *Exil*, one of the first of those a critic has called his "American poems." Climbing the high dune where our "maison de verre" was perched, he stood once more facing the sea—as he wrote me, "cette mer qui n'est jamais l'exil, étant tout l'exil." It was not his sea, but it marked an important moment in his life, as the poem so clearly tells us—a confrontation with its disasters and finally a courageous renewal of spirit. It was in this poem that he decided to "live in his name" (*Et c'est l'heure, ô Poète, de décliner ton nom, ta naissance, et ta race . . .*). *Exil* was published in *Poetry* (Chicago) in March 1942 in French, dedicated to Archibald MacLeish, who added a "Note on Alexis St. Léger Léger," a brief early biography and quotation from a personal letter of the poet. The note is significant, because for the first time the true name of the poet was mentioned in print.

Leger was born of Burgundian French parents on a small coral island, St. Léger les Feuilles, in Guadeloupe, where the rhythms of the sea entered into his being never to leave him. Here he spent a childhood which he has celebrated in *Eloges* and which he remembers as "enfance, mon amour." Brought up in a French colonial civilization, he lived in a high plantation house on the island. Here he discovered a world of light and color and mystery in the contrast which intrigued his imagination—peace of blue waters and violence of earthquake and hurricane winds. He had the happy freedom of a little boy who haunted the wharfs and smelt strange cargoes, heard weird sea tales, held discourse with land crabs and turtles like brown stars—a boy who loved a horse, not sure he was not a prince in disguise.

It was a time, as Rimbaud said of his own childhood, before he was engulfed in his "Saison en Enfer," written on a golden leaf.

One cannot exaggerate what these free and happy years in the Antilles did for Perse. His love for them returns again and again in his verse, and the remembrance holds no frustrations or regret. Those years, until he was 12 and his parents took him to France, represent day after day an era of unbroken discovery and enchantment, a subtlety of perception which he never lost. Sea winds and waters took on magical personification: "O gusts! . . . Truly, I inhabit the throat of a God" (*O bouffées! . . . Vraiment j'habite la gorge d'un Dieu*).

Paul Claudel once spoke of Perse as belonging to the West, "This land of the setting sun, towards which turn a poet's desires." Perse does not need to be in a special place. His need has only been for width of space and time, where his anonymous imagination can flourish and he can live as poet.

Readers of *Anabase* know that one of those times was in Asia, when Leger was accredited to the French Embassy in China and lived in a Taoist temple outside of Peking, a life beyond formal, diplomatic civilization. On a long holiday he traveled across the Gobi Desert riding on a curly-haired Mongolian horse and savoring the experience of the most lonely desert on earth.

That Perse had a world of his own, different from any other, was discovered early in his career, when in 1911 *Eloges* was published. Valéry

Larbaud exclaimed, "It is a new world and it is his own" (à lui tout seul).

Fifty years later W. H. Auden, reviewing *Amers*, declared that the test of a poet was his ability to create a world which is unique and credible to a reader—"the greater the poet, the larger his world."

The world of Saint-John Perse is concrete and actual. It belongs to reality of things and the reality of poetic experience. He said in his speech accepting the Nobel Prize, "Poetry is not only a way of knowledge, it is a way of life." Each poem of his, from its genesis in the subconscious to its culmination in strict form of metrical language, is a lived experience.

It is the expression of a mind which has looked at life from a situation beyond time and space; past, present, and future become one. Time, in a poem of Perse, is *now*: "Noon, its people, its strong laws . . . The bird, vast as its circle, sees man free of his shadow, at the limit of his weal." (Midi, son peuple, ses lois fortes . . . L'oiseau plus vaste sur son erre voit l'homme libre de son ombre, à la limite de son bien). He summons the past to nourish the present. His poems are epic, but there is no hero, no story, no indication of the passing of time.

The trend of pessimism and frustration found so often in contemporary poetry is never expressed by Perse. He believes deeply in the power of life to renew itself. "I want to extol," he wrote of *Amers* to his friend, the late Dag Hammarskjöld, then Secretary General of the United Nations, "the human condition of man in the ardor and pride of his march toward eternity."

These poems extend beyond the frontier of their own language; more beautiful in the French métrique and inner rhyming, nonetheless they can be read in English, Russian, German, Italian, Swedish, or Spanish. He is the most translated of contemporary poets. Critique of Perse from these many countries fills the encyclopedic volume *Honneur à Saint-John Perse*, published by Gallimard in Paris.

For the American and English reader a valuable study, *Saint-John Perse; a Study of His Poetry* (Edinburgh [1966]), has come from Arthur Knodel, professor of French at the University of Southern California. With sensitive perception he places each poem in its biographic framework. This does not narrow our compre-

hension of its wide symbolic meaning or blur the relationship to the dominant images in each. To attribute the genesis of the group which Knodel calls "the Exile Poems" (*Exil, Poème à l'Étrangère, Pluies, and Neiges*) to the early days of Perse's exile in America does not make less vivid the variety and poignancy of images: a line that embodies the hot Washington summer, "green as an impasse"; or the nostalgic beauty of "les premières neiges de l'absence," in the poem *Neiges* (Snows), where the incarnation of whiteness pays homage to the poet's mother. Nor can the almost savage repudiation of what had once been written and believed in and must now be abandoned be more eloquent than his exhortation to the tropical downpour in *Pluies* (Rains), "Wash doubt and prudence from the path of action, wash doubt and propriety from the field of vision" (Lavez le doute et la prudence au pas de l'action, lavez le doute et la décence au champs de la vision).

The poetry is difficult in the extraordinary wealth of its vocabulary, its intentional ambiguities, and its ellipses. But it is always full of a special vitality, of form and rhythm, and his images are never abstractions. He has often said in conversation that the more abstract a thought or idea is, the more concrete must be its expression in a poem. Like a kite rising high, floating far, it needs a line to reach the ground.

And what a wide variety these books hold! It is possible here only to name them. Following *Exil* comes the poem *Vents* (Winds), which carries the movement of men westward in history, and perhaps his own as poet with his crucial line, "O Poète, ô bilingue . . . homme assailli du dieu! homme parlant dans l'équivoque!" (O Poet, O bilingual one . . . man assailed by the god, man speaking in the equivocal!); and *Amers* (Seamarks) "a song of the sea as has never been sung, and it is the sea in us that will sing it" (un chant de mer comme il n'en fut jamais chanté, et c'est la mer en nous qui la chantera). This last published work of great length is distinguished in its intricate choral Greek form and by "Étroits sont les vaisseaux" (Narrow are the vessels), a supreme poem of love, sensual and ideal: "One same wave throughout the world, one same wave since Troy Rolls its haunch toward us" (Une même vague par le monde, une même vague depuis Troie Roule sa hanche jusqu'à nous).

He abandoned the sea, although it always moved in his pulse, when he saluted earth and time and age in the poem *Chronique*, proclaiming again his faith in the future, that the path of age was a road of glowing embers, not of ashes (route de braise et non de cendres . . .).

Among the rare books in the Library of Congress is a copy of *Birds* (L'Ordre des Oiseaux), the last published volume of Perse. It is unique in that it is accompanied by 12 color etchings of birds by the great French painter Georges Braque. These are not "illustrations." The poem and the drawings are part of a symbiotic relationship between two artists; the poem inspired Braque, with its meditation on the powers of man's creative imagination, expressed in the flight and movement and being of birds, which, says the poet, belong in the stream of time,

"Where the very course of heaven goes on its wheel" (Où va le cours même du ciel sur sa roue).

Perse, as he promised in *Vents* (IV), has returned to his homeland one autumn evening on the last rumblings of the storm (un soir d'Automne, sur les derniers roulements d'orage), but he still keeps his links with America. In his square house on a rocky peninsula above the Mediterranean, open to all the winds and backed by snow-capped mountains, he lives with his American wife. From his study, which frames a view of bay and the widest stretch of sea between France and Africa, he can watch at sunset, when "the great rose of the years turns around his serene brow" (la grande rose des ans tourne à ton front serein), the migratory birds which gather for a last flight south.

The Greatest Whitman Collector and the Greatest Whitman Collection

by John C. Broderick

According to Charles E. Feinberg (who should know!), the greatest collector of materials by and about Walt Whitman was Walt Whitman himself.¹ Just as Whitman served on occasion as his own editor, printer, compositor, publisher, publicist, bookseller, reviewer, and biographer, he resisted specialization of function even to the point of becoming a collector and curator of Whitmaniana, from whose efforts almost all 20th-century collections derive.

In some respects Whitman in the last two decades of his life was well situated for the undertaking. Following partial recovery from a paralytic stroke suffered in 1873, the sedentary life forced upon him was conducive to accumulating about himself books, manuscripts, clippings, proofs, and other memorabilia of his life and work. Moreover, although Whitman's creative powers were sufficiently curbed to render impossible the creation of additional major literary masterpieces, he did not surrender the life of the man of letters. Far from it. He seemed, if anything, more active than ever in prose and verse, but his writings increasingly took the form, in his own phrase, of "backward glances o'er travell'd roads." Finally, the growing interest in his work and the virtual discipleship of a small group of Whitman admirers fed his own strong interest in the origins of his literary theory and practice and in what one of his admirers was to call "the fight of a book for the world."

If these were advantages encouraging the poet

to turn his little house on Mickle Street in Camden, N.J., into the first great collection of Whitman materials, there were some disadvantages as well. First of all, as he admitted to Horace Traubel, "I never was very orderly."²

The general clutter that characterized Whitman's house, especially the second-floor bedroom to which he was increasingly confined in his last years, has become proverbial. Renowned but largely immobile, Whitman, when able, received admiring or curious visitors almost daily, and many of these confessed that the first impression was likely to be of the disarray. The scene, in fact, has called forth elaborate descriptive efforts.

Whitman often compared the sweep and magnitude of his verse to the movement of the ocean's varied but rhythmical succession of waves. However that may be, Whitman's visitors found something oceanic about the cluttered scene that confronted them. Sadakichi Hartmann, writing about a visit to Whitman in 1884, remarked on the "varitable [sic] sea of newspapers, magazines, circulars, rejected manuscripts, etc." in which "only here and there odd pieces of furniture, a trunk, a large heap of his own publications loomed up like rocks."³ A few years later an English visitor observed how the literary material filled two or three wastebaskets, "flowed over them on to the floor, beneath the table, on to and under the chairs, bed, washstand, etc., so that whenever he moved from his chair he had literally to wade through this sea of chaotic disorder and confusion."⁴ No wonder Whitman described his room as "something like a big old ship's cabin."⁵ Horace Traubel, the almost daily

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witness and recorder of Whitman's last years, referred to such materials as the "floor stuff." On one Sunday in January 1889, Traubel reports that Whitman, searching for "a little keepsake" to send Felix Adler, "commenced to poke about among the papers at his feet. Fished up *Song of the Universal*."⁶

Whitman claimed that his room was "not so much a mess as it looks. . . . The disorder is more suspected than real." (*wwwc*, 1, 155) And even those impressed by the disarray of the room admitted that "he knew where to lay his hands upon whatever he wanted, in a few moments."⁷ The accounts in Traubel's various volumes of

With Walt Whitman in Camden are contradictory. On many days Whitman could not find the manuscript, the portrait, or the article which he wished Traubel to have, but usually the wanted item would turn up, sometimes to Whitman's surprise.

It is nevertheless clear that in his declining years Whitman took seriously the task of setting his literary estate in order, regardless of the physical disarray which his efforts produced. He did not keep everything, of course. In fact, in early life he had twice "destroyed a large mass of letters & MSS.—to be ready for what might happen."⁸ The manuscript of the 1855 *Leaves of*



Two photographs of Whitman's upstairs sitting room, 328 Mickle Street, Camden, N.J., where he lived for the last eight years of his life. In "Some Personal and Old-Age Memoranda" published in Lippincott's Magazine in March 1891, Whitman wrote that "the whole room is a sort of result and storage collection of my own past life." Reproduced, like the other illustrations in this article, from materials in the Feinberg Collection in the Library of Congress.

W. Whitman

1855-56



Walt Whitman as "one of the
roughs," a picture used as a
frontispiece to the first edition of
Leaves of Grass (1855). An ideal
and willing subject, Whitman
throughout his life exploited his
photogeneity to produce a
particular image—the dandy, the
good gray poet, the workman, the
saint. The initials and date were
added by Whitman.

Grass had been accidentally "used to kindle the fire or to feed the rag man." (wwwc, i, 92) Even when he had acquired the saving habits of old age, he occasionally burned some papers. When Traubel called on February 14, 1889, he learned that Whitman had done some housecleaning that day and had thrown away "a great mass of papers . . . burned them up." But these were merely "a heap of old receipts" since Whitman avowed that he was "not afraid of being swindled." (wwwc, iv, 147) He also sometimes burned what he identified as "trash, trash, trash," not hesitating to taunt Traubel with being jealous of the fire. (wwwc, i, 197) Requests for autographs often suffered the same fate, especially if unaccompanied by return postage. In 1889 Whitman estimated that three out of five letters delivered daily were requests for autographs. Traubel reports that Whitman remarked on one occasion: "You don't know, Horace, what a good investment that stove has been: I take a few of the autograph fellows, poke them in, put logs on top of them, apply a match: then the fire is here. It is a great resource in trouble!" (wwwc, iv, 351-352)

In addition to the deliberate destruction of some papers, occasionally there were unintended mischances. Traubel reports that on one visit "some blazing splinters blew out of the stove among his papers. He calmly extinguished them with the poker." (wwwc, iv, 168) In this class must be included also the occasional inroads of the housekeeper Mrs. Davis and others of her persuasion. In the account left by Whitman's nurse, Mrs. Keller, the contention between Whitman and Mrs. Davis on this point was sharp. Once, when Whitman was away for a short summer visit, Mrs. Davis "did her best to restore order, and when she had finished was really proud of the improvement she had effected." Whitman, of course, was not amused; "his consternation knew no bounds!" Mrs. Davis characterized the items destroyed as "some useless papers, scraps of letters, old envelopes, bits of twine and wrapping paper." Whitman, naturally enough, said these were exactly what he was looking for. Mrs. Davis yielded, though afterward "when he seemed off-guard she would surreptitiously remove a few dust pans full, but he was not deceived, and even this she had to discontinue."⁹ Whitman's comments on the contention with his housekeeper are

equally revealing: ". . . things have been put to rights, which means buried, lost! . . . There was a time when I could go into the other room there, and with a little difficulty, get anything I wanted. But now nothing is in its place, or near its place, and I am utterly at sea!" (wwwc, v, 10)

Although there is a comic aspect to Whitman's efforts to hoard and preserve as much as possible the evidence of his literary life, the purpose was serious, even (in retrospect) prophetic. To Traubel, the chief beneficiary of his commentary and occasional gifts of material, Whitman said: "I'm doing all I can from day to day to put you in possession of papers, data, which will fortify you for any biographical undertakings, if any, you may be drawn into concerning me, us, in the future." (wwwc, iv, 43-44) He referred to Traubel's archives or, as he playfully called them, his "archeeves." Some day, he said, "if you arrange your documents in order you'll have quite an explicit narrative: you'll be able to clean up many questions having to do with the history of *Leaves of Grass*." On this occasion, subject to a momentary doubt, Whitman added: "But as for that maybe nobody'll ever care what its history was." (wwwc, iv, 138) More often, he recognized the value of his papers as the "data of history" though he declined to accept Dr. Richard M. Bucke's verdict: "Walt, every scrap of paper in this room is precious—will one day be interesting to the world." (wwwc, i, 390) Traubel also deplored the poet's insufficient regard for even the "odds and ends" and won Whitman's repeated affirmation: "take it—preserve it—welcome—welcome." (wwwc, i, 391)

Partly in the interest of his collection and partly, no doubt, on general principles, Whitman advised Traubel always to copy manuscripts; "never send away the original drafts." (wwwc, iv, 302). Unfortunately, this simple maxim apparently had less force with Whitman in early life than it did when he was threescore and ten. The result is what Harold W. Blodgett has called "an embarrassment of riches—and of poverty as well."¹⁰ In quantity there are extant hundreds upon hundreds of manuscript leaves, letters and drafts, notes and memoranda. "In quality," Blodgett remarks specifically of the poetic manuscripts "there is marked unevenness." (The unevenness is not as noticeable in classes other than poetic manuscripts.)

Nevertheless, whether we judge by the impression derived by Whitman's visitors or by the amount of material extant in research libraries and private collections, despite some obvious and regrettable gaps, Whitman left an abundant manuscript legacy. His literary executors, Dr. Bucke, Thomas B. Harned, and Traubel, accepted their responsibilities to the utmost. Or, rather, they modified their devotion from its unofficial character during his lifetime to the official duties expected of executors. The first duty was publication. The *Complete Works*, which they edited and published in 1902 in 10 volumes, brought into print many unpublished Whitman manuscripts, including those aptly designated "Notes and Fragments." In addition, they prepared for publication a dozen other volumes both before and after the 1902 Camden edition of the *Works*.

Beyond publication, there remained the disposition of the personal papers and literary manuscripts which Whitman had put in their possession. It is thought that the Library of Congress was prominent in the minds of the executors as the appropriate repository and that only Bucke's unexpected death in 1902 prevented decision in behalf of the national library early in this century.

There were several reasons why the executors would have given high consideration to the Library of Congress. There was, first of all, Whitman's association with the national capital. His residence in Washington, 1863-73, was a momentous decade for the poet. He formed many of his most important friendships and attachments during those years: with John Burroughs, the William O'Connors, Peter Doyle, and others. He published *Drum Taps* and its *Sequel*, which were to become the "heart" of *Leaves of Grass*. He formed his admiration for Abraham Lincoln, the subject of both his best-known and one of his greatest poems, "O Captain! My Captain!" and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," respectively. His ministrations to wounded veterans in Washington hospitals constituted national service of a high order, therapeutic for both the victims and the poet, though it may have contributed to his later debility. In Washington the "poet of Mannahatta" became a national poet and, with the publication of *Passage to India* in 1871, an international poet, both in theme and reputation.

Whitman was well acquainted with the Library of Congress during his years in Washington, and his notebooks contain occasional descriptions of the Library, then located in the United States Capitol. Before Whitman left Washington in 1873, competitive designs were being drawn for a separate building for the Library, though the Renaissance palazzo which emerged was not completed for opening until five years after Whitman's death. Whitman was also well acquainted with Ainsworth R. Spofford, who assumed his duties as Librarian of Congress about the time that the poet established residence in the capital.

Interestingly enough, late in life Whitman, who along with his circle tended to divide mankind into those who supported and those who opposed the poet, thought Spofford "unfriendly" toward him. An exchange of correspondence in the early 1880's provides the only known reason for such an opinion on Whitman's part. He had written to Spofford in September 1881 on copyright matters, requesting extensions on some existing copyrights. Spofford's reply (which has not survived) omitted reference to the Thayer and Eldridge edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1860-61). Whitman inquired about this omission in a letter of August 1, 1882. Spofford's reply the next day (!) informed him that a request for extension of that copyright was not acceptable before May 24, 1888. And there the matter ended. In May of 1888, in a conversation with Traubel, Whitman remarked cryptically that Spofford "does not admit me. I mean by that that he has no use for me Spofford opposed when he might have benefited me." (wwwc, I, 104) His last known comment on Spofford, however, was quite sympathetic. To Traubel in September 1888, he remarked, "One day early in the week I sent off four letters all of them upon matters I had hoped to know about at once. One was for copyright: but then there's a good lot to do about the new library building down there and I suppose poor Spofford is at his wit's end to make things meet nowadays." (wwwc, II, 325)

As for Washington itself, in 1889 Whitman forecast that "Washington, if it continues to be for 50 years (and I am not so sure that it will), might loom up as a great town." He thought nevertheless that "the capital will go west—somewhere along the Mississippi—the Missouri: that is the natural play of tendencies:

eventually something like this result is inevitable." (wwwc, v, 89)

Washington was still the national capital in 1917, however, when Thomas B. Harned and the Librarian of Congress Herbert Putnam began their negotiations which led to Harned's placing his segment of Whitman's papers in the Library, beginning that year. Harned described himself to Putnam as "anxious to deposit them so as to have them as a nucleus for a Whitman collection. Mr. Traubel says he thinks your Library is the proper place & I want his collection to follow also an important collection now in Canada."¹¹ To Putnam's Chief Assistant, F. W. Ashley, Harned sent a longer statement a week later:

... There was a concerted movement to have all the Whitman material deposited in one spot. Some wanted New York, and others wanted Camden and London. I decided to make this move because the Washington Library is central and Whitman spent many important years in Washington.

The collection of Horace Traubel's is by far the most important. He agrees with me that *Washington* is the proper place, although I do not know when he will make delivery.

The collection of the late Dr. Bucke is large and well arranged. I shall endeavor to have it also sent.

... The growing importance of W. W. and the recognition that he is the most important of America's poets, is what influences me in having a central place where students can have free access for all time.¹²

Traubel's death in 1919, before delivery of his segment of the Whitman papers, thwarted Harned's plan temporarily.

Meanwhile, Henry S. Saunders of Toronto took up the cause of the Library of Congress. A Whitman collector and enthusiast, Saunders had been mentioned by Harned in the letter to Ashley cited above as the possessor of "25 large scrapbooks filled with magazine articles about Whitman." In 1919 Saunders distributed a circular letter to Whitman lovers urging them to place any Whitman material belonging to them in the Library of Congress.¹³ In 1924 Saunders was instrumental in having letters to J. H. Johnston and J. W. Wallace, two of Whitman's British circle, placed in the Library.¹⁴

In 1929 the collection of Dr. Bucke was offered to the Library. Regrettably, the Library was un-

able to take advantage of the opportunity and, after a delay of several years, the Bucke segment was sold at auction in 1935 and again the following year.¹⁵ Although part of the Bucke collection was purchased by Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Trent and eventually came to rest in the Duke University Library,¹⁶ it seemed by the mid-1930's that the Whitman papers and manuscripts, once so admirably compact, had suffered irretrievable dispersal.



Even as the original great accumulation of Whitman material was moving into the second generation of its dispersal, however, another was forming. Today in the Library of Congress there exists the largest and most comprehensive collection in the world of books, manuscripts, correspondence, memorabilia, and miscellaneous material documenting Walt Whitman's life and work. Although much of this material has been in the Library for more than 50 years, the largest segment—the world-famous collection gathered by Charles E. Feinberg of Detroit—was acquired only last year. It is due largely to Mr. Feinberg's indefatigable instincts, vision, and purpose as a collector that the design of Harned and Traubel has been realized in part, to gather together in the national library the personal papers and literary manuscripts of the chief national poet.

Before he was 20, Charles Feinberg had bought his first Whitman letter. It cost him \$7.50, but since his weekly salary at the time was only \$22.50, it represented an investment of some magnitude. The time was during World War I, almost exactly when Thomas B. Harned and Herbert Putnam were concluding arrangements to bring the first great body of Whitman material into the Library of Congress. Mr. Feinberg's interest had been led to Whitman by his reading in *American Poems*, edited by William M. Rossetti (London, 1872), which he had purchased for 10 cents. It is gratifying to recognize here the indirect link to Walt Whitman, for Rossetti was one of the earliest of his British admirers and had dedicated the volume "with homage and love" to Whitman.

Like many collectors, Mr. Feinberg has preferred to let his collection speak for itself. His

Of the original manuscript of the first edition of Leaves of Grass (1855), only one page is known to exist. On the back of the page is a list of words used by Whitman in a poem published in the second edition (1856), finally entitled "Song of the Broad-Axe." To that use the page no doubt owes its survival since the remainder of the manuscript was accidentally destroyed.

10

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
"Ya-honk!" he says, and sounds it down to me like

The part suppose it is ~~in~~ ^{an invitation} ~~in~~ ^{meaning by} ~~in~~ ^{closed} but I listen better, I find ~~it~~ its place and sign up there toward.

The ~~land~~ ^{long} noise of the north, the cat on the house sill, the ~~door~~ ^{house}, the prairie dog,
The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,
The brood of the turkey hen, and she with her
half spread wings,
I see in them and myself the same old law.

The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred
affections,
They scorn the best I can do to relate them -

~~of the~~ ~~enjoyed~~ of growing outdoors,
 I ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~that~~ ^{that} live among cattle or taste of the
~~of the~~ ^{hundreds of} ~~well~~ ^{well} ocean or soil,
 I can eat and sleep with ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~made~~ ^{made} - if ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~horses~~ ^{horses} ~~west~~ ^{west} in any west out.

What is ^{nearest and} commonest and ^{on a vast and easiest} cheapest is Me,
 Me going in for my chances, ... [^] spending
 Spending for vast returns,
 Avowing myself to bestow myself on the first
 that will take me,
 Not asking the sky to come down to ~~save~~ my
 good will,
 Scattering it freely forever.

The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,
The carpenter dresses his plank, in the tongue of his fore-plane
Whittles its wild ascending line,
The married and unmarried children ride home to their
Thanksgiving dinner,
The pilot sees the king-pin, he leans down with a strong arm

comments about it and the history of its assembly have been relatively few in number. In 1958, however, he summarized that history in these words:

Forty years ago, I bought my first Walt Whitman letter. Since then, I have tried to acquire all available letters, postcards, checks, bills, and documents, primarily to reconstruct Whitman's daily life and creative activity.¹⁷

To a remarkable extent, he has achieved his goals. Not that other collectors have not occasionally bested him. Great collections have been assembled coincidentally with the Feinberg Collection. The Oscar Lion and Henry and Albert Berg collections, both now in the New York Public Library, are remarkable.¹⁸ So too are the Trent Collection at Duke University, already cited, the Adrian Van Sinderen Collection at Yale University,¹⁹ the collection of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, now at the University of Pennsylvania,²⁰ and the Clifton Waller Barrett Collection at the University of Virginia.²¹ Each one of these has its special character and special strengths, and the Barrett Collection is the more remarkable because it has been gathered in the relatively recent past, after many of the greatest Whitman collections were substantially formed.

Nevertheless, despite the unquestioned importance of these collections (and of others not named), the Feinberg Collection is unique in its size, its comprehensiveness, the surpassing quality of its choicest items, and the extraordinary range of interest which it encompasses. By itself, this single collection would have raised the Library of Congress to leadership among repositories specializing in materials for original research in Whitman's life and work. Because the Library's holdings already included the Harned Collection, the collection of Carolyn Wells Houghton, the personal papers of Horace Traubel, and miscellaneous smaller collections, the addition of the Feinberg Collection results, not in mere leadership, but in preeminence.

To convey the nature of the collection within the necessary limits of this article is difficult. "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?" The following paragraphs should be understood to be tiny scratches on a large and expansive surface.

The letter of July 21, 1855, in which Ralph

Waldo Emerson greeted Whitman "at the beginning of a great career" is perhaps the most celebrated of its kind. *Leaves of Grass* in its first edition, published July 1855, was a volume of poems nearly anonymous, without any attribution of authorship on the title page, merely a facing photograph of Whitman in an insouciant pose, a copyright notice in behalf of Walter Whitman, and a reference in the first poem (of 12) in the collection to "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos." Whitman mailed the volume without accompanying explanation to several of the leading men of letters in the United States, to almost none of whom would his name have meant anything anyway. (John Greenleaf Whittier is said to have begun reading the poems and then, offended by the freedom of language and subject, to have flung his copy into the fire.) Emerson, whose work Whitman knew and who, Whitman later said, when he was "simmering" brought him to a boil, responded with an instantaneous shock of recognition that an original American poet, long sought, had appeared at last. The original letter is in the collection.

Although, as explained above, the manuscript of that now-famous first edition of *Leaves of Grass* was inadvertently destroyed, one leaf has survived, the only page of the manuscript known to exist. It too is in the collection.

It is agreed that 795 copies of the first edition were printed, though not all were bound. Although generally disregarded at the time of its publication, *Leaves of Grass* (1855) is recognized as one of the most important single publications in the history of American literature. A first edition of *Leaves of Grass* is a rare treasure, and many Whitman collections worthy of public notice lack a copy of the first edition. The collection has nine copies of the first edition, including the second issue, some in states of exceptional rarity.

In the long poem that introduced the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, later called "Song of

On the following five pages appears one of the most famous letters in American literary history, written at Concord, Mass., on July 21, 1855, by Ralph Waldo Emerson to Whitman. "I greet you at the beginning of a great career," Emerson wrote, a phrase with which Whitman embellished the spine of the second edition of Leaves of Grass (1856).

London 21 July
Thap^{ts} } 1855

Dear Sir,

I am not
blind to the worth of
the wonderful gift of
"Leaves of Grass." I find
it the most extraordinary
piece of wit & wisdom
that America has yet
contributed. I am very

happy in reading it,
as great power makes us
happy. It meets the
demand I am always
making of what seemed
the sterile & stingy Nature,
as if too much handiwork
or too much lymph
in the temperament
were making our
western wit & wit.
I give you joy of

your free brave
thought. I have great
joy in it. I find incom-
parable things said
incomparably well, as
they must be. I find
the courage of treatment
which ~~so~~ delights us,
for which large perception
only can inspire.

I greet you at the be-
ginning of a great
career, which yet

must have had a
long foreground somewhere.
for such a start. I
rubbed my eyes a little
to see if this sunbeam
were no illusion; but
the solid sense of the book
is a sober certainty.
It has the best merits,
namely, of fortifying
& encouraging.

I did not know
until I, last night, saw

The book advertised
in a newspaper,
that I could trust the
name as real &
available for a Pub.
Office. I wish to be
my benefactor, & have
felt much like striking
my tasks, & visiting New York
to pay you my respects.

R.W. Emerson.

Mr. Walter Whitman.

Myself," Whitman wrote: "I can resist anything better than my own diversity." There is diversity aplenty in the collection. In addition to manuscript and printed treasures typified by those identified above, the collection contains many curious relics and memorabilia. One of these is a walking stick made from a calamus root, a gift to the poet from his friend, the naturalist John Burroughs. (In the group of poems on comradeship first gathered into a "cluster" in the third edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1860-61), the calamus plant, sweet flag, is the symbol of masculine affection.) The original brass dies used in printing that edition are also in the collection. In addition to notebooks and correspondence documenting Whitman's visits to hospitals in wartime Washington, the collection contains the battered but sturdy haversack in which Whitman carried presents for hospitalized victims of the Civil War, writing paper for composing or transcribing their letters to parents and loved ones, and other items required in his hospital visits. Such personal belongings as Whitman's pen, his watch, and his spectacles, transmitted through Horace Traubel or Mrs. Davis, are also in the collection.

There are other unexpected delights in the collection, though not as curious as those named above. Mr. Feinberg has secured photocopies of most Whitman manuscripts in public repositories and in many private collections other than his own. As a consequence, the Library's Whitman holdings will almost always now be first stop on the Whitman specialist's itinerary. Partly through gratitude of scholars whose work he has facilitated by ready access to his collection, Mr. Feinberg has assembled a large and growing collection of articles and books about Whitman, many of which had to be searched out and acquired with difficulty. His generosity toward libraries and museums has been no less notable than that toward individual scholars. As a result, his own personal correspondence documents the preparation and circulation of major Whitman exhibits drawn from the collection. Mr. Feinberg has also been a guiding spirit behind the quarterly *Walt Whitman Review*; his collection contains manuscript material and correspondence documenting each separate issue of the periodical. For some of the major works of 20th-century scholarship, such as James E. Miller's *Critical Guide to Leaves of Grass* or Fredson Bowers'

study of the 1860-61 edition, the collection contains the original manuscripts. The same is true of very early critical and biographical works. The collection even has plate proofs of the 1902 Camden edition of Whitman's writings. Speaking of plate proofs, there is a line of canned vegetables bearing Whitman's name. The collection has representative samples of labels.

Although a collector's interest may lead him ever toward the curious and esoteric as well as the central and inevitable, the heart of the collection is the more than 1,000 letters of Whitman (out of approximately 2,800 known to exist), approximately 2,000 letters to Whitman, and more than 1,000 manuscripts, ranging from an annotated clipping to a commonplace book of several hundred pages. In addition to manuscript and printed materials, the collection has an extremely large group of Whitman photographs and other pictorial material. There is no important phase of Whitman's life and work which is not documented, and usually documented bountifully, in the Whitman Collection of Charles E. Feinberg.

To commemorate the acquisition of the Feinberg Collection, the Library of Congress prepared a major exhibit of more than 200 items drawn entirely from the collection.²² Entitled "Walt Whitman: The Man and the Poet," the exhibit opened in May 1969, 150th anniversary of the poet's birth (May 31, 1819), and remained in place in the Library's Great Hall throughout the sesquicentennial year. Many of the items referred to above were included in the exhibit, in which eight cases were devoted to Whitman's life and eight to his work.

The cases depicting Whitman's life began, inevitably, with New York, the Long Island and Brooklyn scenes of his boyhood and early manhood and Manhattan, Broadway, and its theater, his later delights. One case was devoted to Whitman's family, a network of affectionate relationships and responsibilities, which Whitman never neglected. Another, to his friends, both the grand and the simple, the Washington streetcar conductor Peter Doyle and numerous Civil War soldiers among the latter. Three cases were devoted to the related themes of Whitman in Washington, Whitman and the Civil War, and Whitman and Lincoln. They included several hospital notebooks, the original manuscript of "O Captain! My Captain!" and Whitman's reading book

The wondrous ship. The ship divine, that all
 the earth ^{the earth} ^{glorifies} ^{its might} ⁱⁿ ^{its} ^{glory}
 My captain does not answer, his lips
 are closed & still,
 My father does not feel my arm - he has
 no pulse nor motion;
 But the ship, ^{his ship} ^{is} ^{anchored} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{port} ^{of} ^{glory} - the
 wondrous fearful ^{triumph} ^{of} ^{the} ^{captain} ^{and} ^{all} ^{the} ^{glorious} ^{advent};
 And the cities ^{triumph} ^{with} ^{triumph} - but O
 heart, heart, ^{you} ^{stay} ^{your} ^{heart} ^{beats}
 Where on the deck my captain lies, ^{sleeps} ^{cold}
 & dead.

And millions shout and thunder -
 And cities ^{triumph} ^{with} ^{triumph}
 but ^{my} ^{heart} heart.

And the ^{side} -
 And all career in triumph - but I with
 gentle tread,
 Walk the deck my captain lies, ^{sleeps}
 cold & dead.

four and one of the most familiar poems in the English language is "O Captain! My Captain!"
 shown here in an early draft.

for the lecture on Lincoln which he delivered almost annually in the 1880's. Whitman's persistent impulse to tell the story of his own life in his own person or through a friend was illustrated in another case, which contained also the manuscript of the autobiographical *Specimen Days*. There was finally a case devoted to Whitman's last years in Camden, in which approaching death was frequently the burden of the poet's concerns. Manuscripts of poems on death, such as "Whispers of Heavenly Death," and the poet's various designs of the family vault at Harleigh Cemetery outside Camden were offset by other materials demonstrating the affection and growing recognition enjoyed by Whitman late in life.

The cases devoted to Whitman's work—less poignant, more triumphant—began with *Leaves of Grass* (1855) and its antecedents, featuring the only known manuscript page, several versions of the first edition, and the Emerson letter which it inspired. One group of manuscripts documented various efforts to "suppress" *Leaves of Grass* and its author, sometimes with momentary success. The extent to which the ailing poet remained to the end in complete charge of the character and nature of his publications was illustrated in materials related to the so-called "Deathbed Edition" of *Leaves of Grass*. Numerous manuscripts and proofs indicated the poet's relationship to American writers of his time and to world literature past and present. His fascination with the figure of Columbus and with the idea of passage westward to a new world was demonstrated in materials relating to *Passage to India*. A prose work featured was *Democratic Vistas*, Whitman's searching examination of democratic institutions and his chastened but firm statement of faith in the democratic ideal. Finally, in one large case were exhibited a number of first editions of Whitman's writings not otherwise represented, each one accompanied by the manuscript of a poem which made its first appearance in the respective publication. This particular case was surmounted by an advertising poster concerning his work which Whitman devised in the 1880's, for, from first to last, in prose and verse, he always knew how to celebrate himself and sing himself.

There are many ways to measure the extent to which the Feinberg Collection complements other resources of the Library of Congress for the study of Walt Whitman. The Library's *Walt*

Whitman: A Catalog (Washington, 1955) listed five copies of the 1855 *Leaves of Grass*. The nine additional Feinberg "firsts" bring the Library's total holdings to 14 such treasures, in various states, providing support for in-depth bibliographical studies by advanced scholars. Likewise, in sheer numbers of letters written by and to Whitman, the Feinberg Collection has added thousands where there were hundreds. By way of example, the final volume (vol. 5) of Edwin H. Miller's edition of Whitman's correspondence (New York, 1969) includes 550 letters by Whitman. Of these, the text for more than 100 letters is based on manuscripts in the Library of Congress exclusive of the Feinberg Collection. The text for more than 300 additional letters is based on Feinberg manuscripts. Altogether, approximately 75 percent of the letters printed are based on manuscripts now in the collections of the Library of Congress. Although the proportion might not be quite so dramatic in earlier volumes of the correspondence, all statistical measures are impressive.

Perhaps the congruity between the "old" and the "new" collections of Whitman materials is indicated more memorably in the following instance. In November 1856, his earliest convenient opportunity, Henry David Thoreau made a trip to Brooklyn to meet Whitman. Thoreau, whose classic *Walden* had been published in 1854, just one year earlier than *Leaves of Grass*, had been much impressed by Whitman's poetry and, like the hero of J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, had wished to meet its author. The meeting was guarded, as might have been expected, since Thoreau was customarily taciturn in the presence of strangers. A. Bronson Alcott, who had arranged the meeting, was somewhat disappointed that it had been no more openly dramatic, and even Whitman, in years to come, would remember chiefly his disagreement with Thoreau on the merit of humanity in the mass. Thoreau's journals and letters following the visit, however, indicate how fully the meeting lived up to his expectations. "That Walt Whitman, of whom I wrote to you," Thoreau wrote the following month to his friend H. G. O. Blake, "is the most interesting fact to me at present. I have just read his 2nd edition (which he gave me) and it has done me more good than any reading for a long time." ²³

As Thoreau's letter to Blake indicates, to commemorate the visit, Whitman and Thoreau exchanged gifts of their publications. Whitman gave Thoreau the recently published second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, a stubby, fat 16mo, now one of the rarer of the editions published in Whitman's lifetime. Thoreau gave Whitman a copy of his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (1849), of which there are now relatively few copies in existence.

Since 1942, as a result of the bequest of Carolyn Wells Houghton, the Library of Congress has had a copy of the second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, inscribed by Thoreau: "H. D. Thoreau from Walt Whitman." Among approximately 75 books from Whitman's library acquired with the Feinberg Collection is the poet's copy of Thoreau's *A Week*, inscribed as follows: "Thoreau call'd upon me in Brooklyn, 1856 and upon my giving him L of G first [i.e., second] edition—gave me this volume—"

Walt Whitman may have been, as Charles Feinberg has contended, the greatest Whitman collector, but, if so, Mr. Feinberg himself has been his most serious rival.



Building the greatest collection of Walt Whitman materials in the Library of Congress has occupied the greater part of the 20th century. It is a work to which many persons have contributed, both inside and outside the Library. It is, moreover, like Whitman's "Open Road," a never-ending enterprise, one that will continue to occupy the attention and the best efforts of Library specialists and of those outside the Library who wish to further its programs.

In 1955 the Library prepared and published *Walt Whitman: A Catalog Based Upon the Collections of the Library of Congress*.²⁴ Although

the Library has added additional books and manuscripts since that time, the 1955 *Catalog* substantially describes its holdings exclusive of the Feinberg Collection. A companion catalog of that collection is planned for the future.

When the Feinberg Collection became available in the mid-1960's, the Library of Congress, aware of earlier disappointments in bringing together the major corpus of Whitman materials, moved with determination to acquire it. The Librarian of Congress informed the Joint Congressional Committee on the Library of the opportunity to acquire the collection, and the Committee responded (in 1967) with the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That the Joint Committee of Congress on the Library, being mindful of Walt Whitman's unparalleled contribution to American poetry, his patriotic devotion to his country and the rich legacy of his works already on deposit with the National Library, hereby declares its firm belief in the desirability of the acquisition by the Library of Congress of the Charles Feinberg Collection of Walt Whitman and expresses its profound hope that this worthy objective be fulfilled.

That the worthy objective was fulfilled two years later was due chiefly to a group of benefactors, who prefer to be anonymous, whose exceptional generosity is enabling the Library to purchase the collection.

Walt Whitman's expectation was that he would be recognized as the Nation's poet. At the conclusion of the prose preface to the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, he wrote: "The proof of a poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it." Such an acceptance is appropriately signified by the establishment in the Library of Congress of an unparalleled collection of books, manuscripts, and other materials to sustain the most advanced study of the poet's life and work.

NOTES

¹ "A Collector's Notes on His Collections," *Walt Whitman: . . . Catalogue of an Exhibition Held at Detroit Public Library* (Detroit, 1955), p. xi.

² *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, edited by

Gertrude Traubel, vol. 5 (Carbondale, Ill., 1964), p. 92. Horace Traubel, who made a detailed record of his conversations with Whitman, beginning in 1888, published three large volumes during his own lifetime

(in 1906, 1908, and 1914) and left an equal amount of material in manuscript. Two subsequent volumes have been published (in 1953 and 1964), and at least one more is planned. All volumes, whatever the imprint or publication date, are hereafter referred to as *wwwc*, and citations will be identified in the text.

³ *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (New York, 1895), p. 6-7.

⁴ John Johnston, "Notes of a Visit to Walt Whitman and His Friends in 1890," in J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace, *Visits to Walt Whitman in 1890-91* (London, 1917), p. 35.

⁵ "Some Personal and Old-Age Memoranda," *Lippincott's*, 47: 379 (March 1891).

⁶ *wwwc*, iv, 38. Although the ocean or the sea seemed to most visitors the proper symbolic analogy for Whitman's "collection," the British critic Edmund Gosse, who visited Whitman in 1885, refers to "heaps, mountains of papers in a wild confusion, swept up here and there into stacks and peaks." "A Note on Walt Whitman," *The New Review*, 10: 451 (April 1894). Elizabeth Keller (see note 9) also speaks of a "hillock of debris." Here again Whitman anticipated his commentators. In "Spirit That Form'd This Scene," based on his only trip to the West, Whitman compares his poetic effect to the organic impression created by the western mountains.

⁷ Johnston, p. 35.

⁸ Whitman to Ellen M. O'Connor, February 11, 1874. *The Correspondence*, edited by Edwin Haviland Miller, vol. 2 (New York, 1961), p. 276. Whitman's concern for his papers had been expressed earlier in a letter to his mother, March 31, 1863: "Mother, when you or Jeff writes again, tell me if my papers & MSS are all right—I should be very sorry indeed if they got scattered, or used up or any thing—especially the copy of *Leaves of Grass* covered in blue paper, and the little MS book 'Drum Taps,' & the MS tied up in the square, spotted (stone-paper) loose covers—I want them all carefully kept." *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 85-86.

⁹ Elizabeth Leavitt Keller, *Walt Whitman in Mickle Street* (New York, 1921), p. 31-34. See also Alma Calder Johnston, "Personal Memories of Walt Whitman," *The Bookman*, 46: 404-413 (December 1917), especially p. 404, 406.

¹⁰ "Editing *Leaves of Grass*: The Manuscript Problem," *CEAA* [Center for Editions of American Authors] *Newsletter*, 1: 3 (March 1968).

¹¹ Harned to Putnam, ALS, August 31, 1917. Administrative files, Manuscript Division, LC.

¹² Harned to Ashley, ALS, September 7, 1917. Administrative files, Manuscript Division, LC.

¹³ Administrative files, Manuscript Division, LC.

¹⁴ A catalog of Wallace's collection carried the notation: "According to Mr. Wallace's wish, the collection of A.L.S. is now lodged at the Congress Library, Wash-

ington." See *The Finest "Walt Whitman" Collection in Great Britain*, Catalog No. 17 (1926) of Harold R. Halewood, Bookseller, p. 2. In *Feinberg Collection*, LC.

¹⁵ See Sotheby & Co., *Catalogue of Important Letters, Manuscripts, and Books by or Relating to Walt Whitman* (London, 1935) and American Art Association, *Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, First Editions, and Portraits of Walt Whitman* (New York, 1936).

¹⁶ See *Catalogue of the Whitman Collection in the Duke University Library*, compiled by Ellen Frances Frey (Durham, 1945).

¹⁷ "A Whitman Collector Destroys a Whitman Myth," *Publications of the Bibliographical Society of America*, 52: 75 (1958). Comments on the collection by others are more numerous. See William White, "Charles E. Feinberg: Book Collector," *The Private Library*, 2d series, 1: 63-73 (1968); William White, "How to Become Eminent; or, Life Among the Feinberg MSS," *Walt Whitman Birthplace Bulletin*, 4: 3-8 (July 1961); and Lawrence S. Thompson, "American Bibliophiles: III: Charles Evan Feinberg," *The American Book Collector*, 9: 6-7 (May 1961).

¹⁸ Lewis M. Stark, "Walt Whitman: The Oscar Lion Collection," *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, 58: 213-229, 305-308, 348-359, 397-410, 455-461, 497-514 (1954); and *Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass: A Centenary Exhibition*, compiled by Lewis M. Stark and John D. Gordan (New York, 1955).

¹⁹ Stanley T. Williams, "The Adrian Van Sinderen Collection of Walt Whitman," *Yale University Library Gazette*, 15: 49-53 (January 1941).

²⁰ *A List of Manuscripts, Books, Portraits . . . Exhibited at the Library of Congress, 1939* (Washington, 1939); Harriet Sprague, "My Whitman Collection," *University of Pennsylvania Library Chronicle*, 10: 21-22 (June 1942); Sculley Bradley, "A Whitman Treasure House," *ibid.*, p. 33-38.

²¹ Herbert Cahoon, *A Brief Account of the Clifton Waller Barrett Library* (Charlottesville, 1960); John Cook Wyllie, "The Barrett Collection of Walt Whitman," *The American Book Collector*, 11: 33 (May 1961); an unpublished checklist of Whitman items in the Barrett Library has been compiled by Fannie Mae Elliott, Lucy T. Clark, and Marjorie D. Carver. Material relating to Whitman is, of course, only one segment of the Barrett Library.

²² A list of the items shown begins on page 171.

²³ Thoreau to Blake, December 6, 7, 1856. *The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau*, edited by Walter Harding and Carl Bode (New York, 1958), p. 444. The letter, a long one and mostly about Whitman, is remarkable throughout. It concludes: "He is a great fellow."

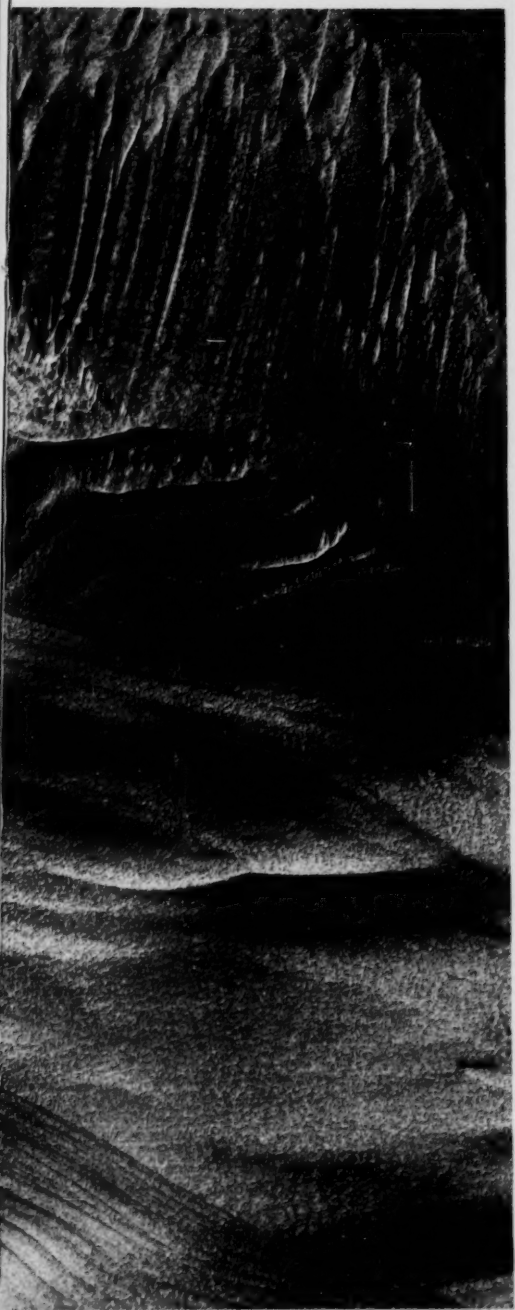
²⁴ The catalog entries are prefaced by Charles Feinberg's "Notes on Whitman Collections and Collectors."



CONSULTANTS CHOICE



Above, Sand Dunes. Preceding page, Yucca.
Photographs by Brett Weston.



Consultants Choice

A poet's business is poetry.

The reader comes to know the poet, not through portraits, not through expositions of his life and works—however excellent these may be—but through his poems. In an issue of the Quarterly Journal devoted to poetry and the Library of Congress, a sampling of the poems written by the Library's poetry consultants seems more than proper; it is essential. Accordingly, each living consultant was asked to choose a poem or poems to represent him in the brief collection published here. Selections by the late Joseph Auslander, Robert Frost, Randall Jarrell, and William Carlos Williams were chosen by the present Consultant in Poetry. It seems eminently suitable that this collection should open with a new poem, hitherto unpublished, by Archibald MacLeish, who as a poet and a former Librarian of Congress embodies in himself the close relationship between poetry and the Library. Following his poem are those by the consultants, arranged chronologically by the year of appointment. The Library appreciates not only the enthusiasm with which the poets responded to this venture but also the generosity of their publishers in permitting the Quarterly Journal to reprint the poems that appear here.

In presenting this collection, the editors of the Quarterly Journal borrow the advice that Walt Whitman gave in his Preface to the first edition of Leaves of Grass:

The messages of great poets to each man and woman are, Come to us on equal terms, Only then can you understand us, We are no better than you, What we enclose you enclose, What we enjoy you may enjoy.

Archibald MacLeish

Librarian of Congress 1939-1944

IN AND COME IN

Stupid?—of course that older lot were stupid.
Any "in", proficient poet
knows the tragic world was made for woe
and life for death: that man is either dolt or dupe.

Those old-time locals never seemed to learn.
Emerson unlocked the tomb
and stood and stared at what had once been human,
once been his—then made that entry in his journal.

Whitman, in the stinking wards, uncovered
dead men's faces when the squad
came round at night and morning for the bodies,
not to confront their deaths, to kiss them with his love.

Emily, although she said she wrote
as boys beside a graveyard whistle,
kept no terrified finger on her wrist:
what frightened Emily was joy—the robin's note.

And Frost, when people talked of Tragic Vision
haunting thickets of despair—
beckets of all the boredom flesh is heir to—
Frost went walking off alone in his derision.

He knew the dark, but he would not come in
to whimper self-lamenting words
among the hemlocks with the darkling birds
even, he said, if asked . . . and he hadn't been.

Stupid?

You think so?

With that Yankee grin?

Joseph Auslander

Consultant in Poetry 1937-1941

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

I understand too well how that old Greek,
Footsore and famished for his native skies,
Could scarcely breathe nor trust his tongue to speak
When the Aegean burst upon his eyes.
The peacock moon spreads cold upon the sea
As in a mirror his enormous fan;
My heart is glass to such idolatry,
And in his shadow I grow more than man.

So Greek and moon and any man, with tide
At full and churning thickly to the light,
Become a part of one fierce joy so wide
It touches the anatomy of night,
And stops the breath and leaves upon the tongue
The taste of something old when God was young.

From *Riders at the Gate* by Joseph Auslander. © 1966
by Louis Auslander and Anna Mary Auslander.
Reprinted by permission of the publisher, The
Macmillan Company.

Joseph Auslander

ELEGY IN AUTUMN

(For a Friend Fallen in Battle)

I heard the geese go over in the night
With harsh and punctual horns, black wedge on wedge,
Launching the spearheads of their autumn flight,
Fulfilling some fierce migratory pledge.

The prows of Carthage and the long-oared Norse,
Under diverse stars and in seas remote,
Stared up at the same cry, high-pitched and hoarse,
And felt the same strange tightening of the throat.

Here on a hilltop in my homeland waken
Those cold old echoes in a throaty tangle,
And something heavier than the heart is shaken,
And great forgotten knots of memory strangle.

I heard the geese go over and go over,
I heard the wild geese going, spear on spear,
I heard them crying to a fellow rover
Who last fall stood and heard them crying here.

From *The Unconquerables* by Joseph Auslander.
Copyright 1943 by Joseph Auslander. Reprinted by
permission of the publisher, Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Allen Tate

Consultant in Poetry in English 1943–1944

SHADOW AND SHADE

The shadow streamed into the wall—
The wall, break-shadow in the blast;
We lingered wordless while a tall
Shade enclouded the shadow's cast.

The torrent of the reaching shade
Broke shadow into all its parts,
What then had been of shadow made
Found exigence in fits and starts

Where nothing properly had name
Save that still element the air,
Burnt sea of universal frame
In which impounded now we were:

I took her hand, I shut her eyes
And all her shadow cleft with shade,
Shadow was crushed beyond disguise
But, being fear, was unafraid.

I asked fair shadow at my side:
What more shall fiery shade require?
We lay long in the immense tide
Of shade and shadowy desire

And saw the dusk assail the wall,
The black surge, mounting, crash the stone!
Companion of this lust, we fall,
I said, lest we should die alone.

From *Poems* (1960) by
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of the publisher, Charles
Scribner's Sons.

Allen Tate

LAST DAYS OF ALICE

Alice grown lazy, mammoth but not fat,
Declines upon her lost and twilight age;
Above in the dozing leaves the grinning cat
Quivers forever with his abstract rage:

Whatever light swayed on the perilous gate
Forever sways, nor will the arching grass,
Caught when the world clattered, undulate
In the deep suspension of the looking-glass.

Bright Alice! always pondering to gloze
The spoiled cruelty she had meant to say
Gazes learnedly down her airy nose
At nothing, nothing thinking all the day.

Turned absent-minded by infinity
She cannot move unless her double move,
The All-Alice of the world's entity
Smashed in the anger of her hopeless love,

Love for herself who, as an earthly twain,
Pouted to join her two in a sweet one;
No more the second lips to kiss in vain
The first she broke, plunged through the
glass alone—

Alone to the weight of impassivity,
Incest of spirit, theorem of desire,
Without will as chalky cliffs by the sea,
Empty as the bodiless flesh of fire:

All space, that heaven is a dayless night,
A nightless day driven by perfect lust
For vacancy, in which her bored eyesight
Stares at the drowsy cubes of human dust.

—We too back to the world shall never pass
Through the shattered door, a dumb shade-
harried crowd
Being all infinite, function depth and mass
Without figure, a mathematical shroud

Hurled at the air—blesséd without sin!
O God of our flesh, return us to Your wrath,
Let us be evil could we enter in
Your grace, and falter on the stony path!

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Robert Penn Warren

Consultant in Poetry in English 1944-1945

MASTS AT DAWN

Past second cock-crow yacht masts in the harbor go slowly white.

No light in the east yet, but the stars show a certain fatigue.
They withdraw into a new distance, have discovered our
unworthiness. It is long since

The owl, in the dark eucalyptus, dire and melodious, last called, and

Long since the moon sank and the English
Finished fornicating in their ketches. In the evening
there was a strong swell.

Red died the sun, but at dark wind rose easterly, white
sea nagged the black harbor headland.

When there is a strong swell, you may, if you surrender to it, experience
A sense, in the act, of mystic unity with that rhythm. Your peace
is the sea's will.

But now no motion, the bay-face is glossy in darkness, like

An old window pane flat on black ground by the wall, near
the ash heap. It neither
Receives nor gives light. Now is the hour when the sea

Sinks into meditation. It doubts its own mission. The drowned cat

That on the evening swell had kept nudging the piles of
the pier and had seemed
To want to climb out and lick itself dry, now floats free. On that
surface a slight convexity only, it is like

Robert Penn Warren

An eyelid, in darkness, closed. You must learn to accept the
kiss of fate, for

The masts go white slow, as light, like dew, from darkness
Condenses on them, on oiled wood, on metal. Dew whitens in darkness.

I lie in my bed and think how, in darkness, the masts go white.

The sound of the engine of the first fishing dory dies seaward. Soon
In the inland glen wakes the dawn-dove. We must try

To love so well the world that we may believe, in the end, in God.

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Louise Bogan

Consultant in Poetry in English 1945-1946

TO AN ARTIST, TO TAKE HEART

Slipping in blood, by his own hand, through pride,
Hamlet, Othello, Coriolanus fall.
Upon his bed, however, Shakespeare died,
Having endured them all.

ROMAN FOUNTAIN

Up from the bronze, I saw
Water without a flaw
Rush to its rest in air,
Reach to its rest, and fall.

Bronze of the blackest shade,
An element man-made,
Shaping upright the bare
Clear gouts of water in air.

O, as with arm and hammer,
Still it is good to strive
To beat out the image whole,
To echo the shout and stammer
When full-gushed waters, alive,
Strike on the fountain's bowl
After the air of summer.

Louise Bogan

THE SLEEPING FURY

You are here now,
Who were so loud and feared, in a symbol before me,
Alone and asleep, and I at last look long upon you.

Your hair fallen on your cheek, no longer in the semblance of serpents,
Lifted in the gale; your mouth, that shrieked so, silent.
You, my scourge, my sister, lie asleep, like a child,
Who, after rage, for an hour quiet, sleeps out its tears.

The days close to winter
Rough with strong sound. We hear the sea and the forest,
And the flames of your torches fly, lit by others,
Ripped by the wind, in the night. The black sheep for sacrifice
Huddle together. The milk is cold in the jars.

All to no purpose, as before, the knife whetted and plunged,
The shout raised, to match the clamor you have given them.
You alone turn away, not appeased; unaltered, avenger.

Hands full of scourges, wreathed with your flames and adders,
You alone turned away, but did not move from my side,
Under the broken light, when the soft nights took the torches.

At thin morning you showed, thick and wrong in that calm,
The ignoble dream and the mask, sly, with slits at the eyes,
Pretence and half-sorrow, beneath which a coward's hope trembled.

You uncovered at night, in the locked stillness of houses,
False love due the child's heart, the kissed-out lie, the embraces,
Made by the two who for peace tenderly turned to each other.

You who know what we love, but drive us to know it;
You with your whips and shrieks, bearer of truth and of solitude;
You who give, unlike men, to expiation your mercy.

Dropping the scourge when at last the scourged advances to meet it,
You, when the hunted turns, no longer remain the hunter
But stand silent and wait, at last returning his gaze.

Beautiful now as a child whose hair, wet with rage and tears
Clings to its face. And now I may look upon you,
Having once met your eyes. You lie in sleep and forget me.
Alone and strong in my peace, I look upon you in yours.

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Karl Shapiro

Consultant in Poetry in English 1946-1947

AUBADE

What dawn is it?

The morning star stands at the end of your street as
you watch me turn to laugh a kind of goodbye,
with love-crazed head like a white satyr moving
through wet bushes.

The morning star bursts in my eye like a hemorrhage
as I enter my car in a dream surrounded by your
heavenly-earthly smell.

The steering wheel is sticky with dew,
The golf course is empty, husbands stir in their sleep de-
siring, and though no cocks crow in suburbia, the
birds are making a hell of a racket.

Into the newspaper dawn as sweet as your arms that hold
the old new world, dawn of green lights that smear
the empty streets with come and go.

It is always dawn when I say goodnight to you,
Dawn of wrecked hair and devastated beds,
Dawn when protective blackness turns to blue and lovers
drive sunward with peripheral vision.

To improvise a little on Villon
Dawn is the end for which we are together.

My house of loaded ashtrays and unwashed glasses, tulip
petals and columbine that spill on the table and
splash on the floor,

My house full of your dawns,

My house where your absence is presence,

My slum that loves you, my bedroom of dustmice and cob-
webs, of local paintings and eclectic posters, my bed-
room of rust neckties and divorced mattresses, and
of two of your postcards, *Pierrot with Flowers* and
Young Girl with Cat,

My bed where you have thrown your body down like a
king's ransom or a boa constrictor.

But I forgot to say: May passed away last night,

May died in her sleep,
 That May that blessed and kept our love in fields and
 motel.
 I erect a priapic statue to that May for lovers to kiss as long
 as I'm in print, and polish as smooth as the Pope's
 toe.
 This morning came June of spirea and platitudes,
 This morning came June discreetly dressed in gray,
 June of terrific promises and lawsuits.

 And where are the poems that got lost in the shuffle of
 spring?
 Where is the poem about the eleventh of March, when we
 raised the battleflag of dawn?
 Where is the poem about the coral necklace that whipped
 your naked breasts in leaps of love?
 The poem concerning the ancient lover we followed through
 your beautiful sleeping head?
 The fire-fountain of your earthquake thighs and your electric
 mouth?
 Where is the poem about the little one who says my name
 and watches us almost kissing in the sun?
 The vellum stretchmarks of your learned belly,
 Your rosy-fingered nightgown of nylon and popcorn,
 Your razor that caresses your calves like my hands?
 Where are the poems that are already obsolete, leaves of
 last month, a very historical month?
 Maybe I'll write them, maybe I won't, no matter,
 And this is the end for which we are together.
Et c'est la fin pour quoy sommes ensemble.

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Robert Lowell

Consultant in Poetry in English 1947-1948

HER DEAD BROTHER

I

The Lion of St. Mark's upon the glass
Shield in my window reddens, as the night
Enchants the swinging dories to its terrors,
And dulls your distant wind-stung eyes; alas,
Your portrait, coiled in German-silver hawsers, mirrors
The sunset as a dragon. Enough light
Remains to see you through your varnish. Giving
Your life has brought you closer to your friends;
Yes, it has brought you home. All's well that ends:
Achilles dead is greater than the living;

My mind holds you as I would have you live,
A wintering dragon. Summer was too short
When we went picnicking with telescopes
And crocking leather handbooks to that fort
Above the lank and heroned Sheepscot, where its slopes
Are clutched by hemlocks—spotting birds. I give
You back that idyll, Brother. Was it more?
Remember riding, scotching with your spur
That four-foot milk-snake in a juniper?
Father shellacked it to the ice-house door.

Then you were grown; I left you on your own.
We will forget that August twenty-third,
When Mother motored with the maids to Stowe,
And the pale summer shades were drawn—so low
No one could see us; no, nor catch your hissing word,
As false as Cressid! Let our deaths atone:
The fingers on your sword-knot are alive,
And Hope, that fouls my brightness with its grace,
Will anchor in the narrows of your face.
My husband's Packard crunches up the drive.

II

(THREE MONTHS LATER)

The ice is out: the tidal current swims
 Its blocks against the launches as they pitch
 Under the cruisers of my Brother's fleet.
 The gas, uncoiling from my oven burners, dims
 The face above this bottled *Water Witch*,
 The knockabout my Brother fouled and left to eat
 Its heart out by the Boston Light. My Brother,
 I've saved you in the ice-house of my mind—
 The ice is out. . . . Our fingers lock behind
 The tiller. We are heeling in the smother,

Our sails, balloon and leg-o'mutton, tell
 The colors of the rainbow; but they flap,
 As the wind fails, and cannot fetch the bell. . . .
 His stick is tapping on the millwheel-step,
 He lights a match, another and another—
 The Lord is dark, and holy is His name;
 By my own hands, into His hands! My burners
 Sing like a kettle, and its nickel mirrors
 Your squadron by the Stygian Landing. Brother,
 The harbor! The torpedoed cruisers flame,

The motor-launches with their searchlights bristle
 About the targets. You are black. You shout,
 And cup your broken sword-hand. Yes, your whistle
 Across the crackling water: *Quick, the ice is out.* . . .
 The wind dies in our canvas; we were running dead
 Before the wind, but now our sail is part
 Of death. O Brother, a New England town is death
 And incest—and I saw it whole. I said,
 Life is a thing I own. Brother, my heart
 Races for sea-room—we are out of breath.

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Léonie Adams

Consultant in Poetry in English 1948-1949

GRAPES MAKING

Noon sun beats down the leaf ; the noon
Of summer burns along the vine
And thins the leaf with burning air,
Till from the underleaf is fanned,
And down the woven vine, the light.
Still the pleached leaves drop layer on layer
To wind the sun on either hand,
And echoes of the light are bound,
And hushed the blazing cheek of light,
The hurry of the breathless noon,
And from the thicket of the vine
The grape has pressed into its round.

The grape has pressed into its round,
And swings, aloof chill green, clean won
Of light, between the sky and ground ;
Those hid, soft-flashing lamps yet blind,
Which yield an apprehended sun.
Fresh triumph in a courteous kind,
Having more ways to be, and years,
And easy, countless treasures,
You whose all-told is still no sum,
Like a rich heart, well-said in sighs,
The careless autumn mornings come,
The grapes drop glimmering to the shears.

Now shady sod at heel piles deep,
An overarching shade, the vine
Across the fall of noon is flung ;
And here beneath the leaves is cast
A light to colour noonday sleep,
While cool, bemused the grape is swung
Beneath the eyelids of the vine ;
And deepening like a tender thought
Green moves along the leaf, and bright
The leaf above, and leaf has caught,
And emerald pierces day, and last
The faint leaf vanishes to light.

THE FONT IN THE FOREST

Before remembrance we moved here, withheld,
This long reserve beneath what has not been,
Without commencement, late by life that lay,
Offered for anyone and still its own ;
Intrusion of its utter forest whose eyes
Abash (nested and laired how deep) which dwell
In their intent. Here on the foreheads dries
The christening freshness of the clear year's front.
And all comes docile to its names, and all
The specious air of creature cannot shield
Unenterable recess. O listener!
Who had not heard the name you listened for,
Beside a font, tongueless, which lichens tinge
With chill frescoings, where of day
On day sad afterlight must fall
Changeless upon the falling of a day
Lichens in frond with their dim arms adore.

Elizabeth Bishop

Consultant in Poetry in English 1949–1950

VIEW OF THE CAPITOL FROM THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Moving from left to left, the light
is heavy on the Dome, and coarse.
One small lunette turns it aside
and blankly stares off to the side
like a big white old wall-eyed horse.

On the east steps the Air Force Band
in uniforms of Air Force blue
is playing hard and loud, but—queer—
the music doesn't quite come through.

It comes in snatches, dim then keen,
then mute, and yet there is no breeze.
The giant trees stand in between.
I think the trees must intervene,

catching the music in their leaves
like gold-dust, till each big leaf sags.
Unceasingly the little flags
feed their limp stripes into the air,
and the band's efforts vanish there.

Great shades, edge over,
give the music room.
The gathered brasses want to go
boom—boom.

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Conrad Potter Aiken

Consultant in Poetry in English 1950–1952

TIME IN THE ROCK, PRELUDE XXII

If man, that angel of bright consciousness,
that wingless mind and brief epitome
of god's forgetfulness, will be going forth
into the treacherous envelope of sunlight—
why, the poor fool, does he expect, does he expect
to return at evening? or to return the same?
Those who have put on, in the morning,
that cloak of light, that sheath of air,
wrapped themselves suddenly, on the exit,
in the wild wave of daybreak, which has come
from cruel Alpha,—what has become of them?
They will return as the sons of darkness.

If woman, that demon of unconsciousness,
that wingèd body of delightful chaos,
that quick embodied treason and deceit,
will go forth sinuously from the opening door
and take to herself the garment of daylight—
who will vouch for her, go her surety,
who will her bondsman be, or swear by the cloud
that she, who thus went forth, will thus come back?
If she took darkness with her, will she return
with luminous heart, and a soft light within?
For that which goes forth comes back changed or dead.

If the child, that frail mirror of the sky,
 that little room of foolish laughter and grief,
 transient toucher and taster of the surface,
 assembler and scatterer of light,—if he go forth
 into the simple street to count its stones,
 its walls, its houses, its weeds and grassblades,
 so, in the numbered, to sum the infinite—
 infant compendium of the terrible—:
 will the changed man, and the changed woman,
 await him, with full knowledge, in the evening—
 salute him gravely, with a kiss or handshake,
 oblique embrace of the young wingless shoulders—
 will they, unknowing, unknown, know this Unknown?

All three at evening, when they return once more
 from the black ocean of dark Omega,
 by those wild waves washed up with stars and hours,
 brought home at last from nowhere to nothing—
 all three will pause in the simple light,
 and speak to each other, slowly, with such queer speech
 as dead men use among the asphodels;
 nor know each other; nor understand each other;
 but tread apart on the wind, like dancers
 borne by unearthly music to unearthly peace.

The house of evening, the house of clouds, vast hall
 of which the walls are walls of everywhere,
 enfolds them, like a wind which blows out lights.
 And they are there, lying apart, lying alone,
 those three who went forth suddenly in the morning
 and now return, estranged and changed;
 each is alone, with his extinguished lamp;
 each one would weep, if he had time to weep;
 but, before tears can fall, they are asleep.

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William Carlos Williams

*Appointed Consultant in Poetry in
English 1952 but did not serve*

THE YACHTS

contend in a sea which the land partly encloses
shielding them from the too-heavy blows
of an ungoverned ocean which when it chooses

tortures the biggest hulls, the best man knows
to pit against its beatings, and sinks them pitilessly.
Mothlike in mists, scintillant in the minute

brilliance of cloudless days, with broad bellying sails
they glide to the wind tossing green water
from their sharp prows while over them the crew crawls

ant-like, solicitously grooming them, releasing,
making fast as they turn, lean far over and having
caught the wind again, side by side, head for the mark.

In a well guarded arena of open water surrounded by
lesser and greater craft which, sycophant, lumbering
and fluttering follow them, they appear youthful, rare

as the light of a happy eye, live with the grace
of all that in the mind is fleckless, free and
naturally to be desired. Now the sea which holds them

is moody, lapping their glossy sides, as if feeling
for some slightest flaw but fails completely.
Today no race. Then the wind comes again. The yachts

move, jockeying for a start, the signal is set and they
are off. Now the waves strike at them but they are too
well made, they slip through, though they take in canvas.

Arms with hands grasping seek to clutch at the prows.
Bodies thrown recklessly in the way are cut aside.
It is a sea of faces about them in agony, in despair

From *Collected Earlier
Poems* by William Carlos
Williams. A New Directions
Book, 1951.

until the horror of the race dawns staggering the mind,
the whole sea become an entanglement of watery bodies
lost to the world bearing what they cannot hold. Broken,

beaten, desolate, reaching from the dead to be taken up
they cry out, failing, failing! their cries rising
in waves still as the skillful yachts pass over.

FLOWERS BY THE SEA

When over the flowery, sharp pasture's
edge, unseen, the salt ocean

lifts its form—chicory and daisies
tied, released, seem hardly flowers alone

but color and the movement—or the shape
perhaps—of restlessness, whereas

the sea is circled and sways
peacefully upon its plantlike stem

THE BULL

It is in captivity—
ringed, haltered, chained
to a drag
the bull is godlike

Unlike the cows
he lives alone, nozzles
the sweet grass gingerly
to pass the time away

He kneels, lies down
and stretching out
a foreleg licks himself
about the hoof

then stays
with half-closed eyes,
Olympian commentary on
the bright passage of days.

—The round sun
smooth his lacquer
through
the glossy pinetrees

his substance hard
as ivory or glass—
through which the wind
yet plays—
milkless

he nods
the hair between his horns
and eyes matted
with hyacinthine curls

Randall Jarrell

Consultant in Poetry in English 1956–1958

WELL WATER

What a girl called "the dailiness of life"
(Adding an errand to your errand. Saying,
"Since you're up . . ." Making you a means to
A means to a means to) is well water
Pumped from an old well at the bottom of the world.
The pump you pump the water from is rusty
And hard to move and absurd, a squirrel-wheel
A sick squirrel turns slowly, through the sunny
Inexorable hours. And yet sometimes
The wheel turns of its own weight, the rusty
Pump pumps over your sweating face the clear
Water, cold, so cold! you cup your hands
And gulp from them the dailiness of life.

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Company and the publisher of the London edition,
Eyre & Spottiswoode (Publishers Ltd.).

THE WOMAN AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO

The saris go by me from the embassies.

Cloth from the moon. Cloth from another planet.
They look back at the leopard like the leopard.

And I. . . .

 this print of mine, that has kept its color
Alive through so many cleanings; this dull null
Navy I wear to work, and wear from work, and so
To my bed, so to my grave, with no
Complaints, no comment: neither from my chief,
The Deputy Chief Assistant, nor his chief—
Only I complain. . . . this serviceable
Body that no sunlight dyes, no hand suffuses
But, dome-shadowed, withering among columns,
Wavy beneath fountains—small, far-off, shining
In the eyes of animals, these beings trapped
As I am trapped but not, themselves, the trap,
Aging, but without knowledge of their age,
Kept safe here, knowing not of death, for death—
Oh, bars of my own body, open, open!

The world goes by my cage and never sees me.
And there come not to me, as come to these,
The wild beasts, sparrows pecking the llamas' grain,
Pigeons settling on the bears' bread, buzzards
Tearing the meat the flies have clouded. . . .

Vulture,

When you come for the white rat that the foxes left,
Take off the red helmet of your head, the black
Wings that have shadowed me, and step to me as man:
The wild brother at whose feet the white wolves fawn,
To whose hand of power the great lioness
Stalks, purring. . . .

 You know what I was,
You see what I am: change me, change me!

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Robert Frost

Consultant in Poetry in English 1958–1959

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
In Massachusetts, in Virginia,
But we were England's, still colonials,
Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
(The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was, such as she would become.

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

DEPARTMENTAL

An ant on the tablecloth
 Ran into a dormant moth
 Of many times his size.
 He showed not the least surprise.
 His business wasn't with such.
 He gave it scarcely a touch,
 And was off on his duty run.
 Yet if he encountered one
 Of the hive's inquiry squad
 Whose work is to find out God
 And the nature of time and space,
 He would put him onto the case.
 Ants are a curious race;
 One crossing with hurried tread
 The body of one of their dead
 Isn't given a moment's arrest—
 Seems not even impressed.
 But he no doubt reports to any
 With whom he crosses antennae,
 And they no doubt report
 To the higher up at court.
 Then word goes forth in Formic:
 'Death's come to Jerry McCormic,
 Our selfless forager Jerry.
 Will the special Janizary
 Whose office it is to bury
 The dead of the commissary
 Go bring him home to his people.
 Lay him in state on a sepal.
 Wrap him for shroud in a petal.
 Embalm him with ichor of nettle.
 This is the word of your Queen.'
 And presently on the scene
 Appears a solemn mortician;

And taking formal position
 With feelers calmly atwiddle,
 Seizes the dead by the middle,
 And heaving him high in air,
 Carries him out of there.
 No one stands round to stare.
 It is nobody else's affair.

It couldn't be called ungentle.
 But how thoroughly departmental.

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Richard Eberhart

Consultant in Poetry in English 1959-1961

MARRAKECH

The dance begins with the sun descending
Beyond the Koutubia in Marrakech so ancient
And so fable present: the old tell fables
As the Moroccans listen in eyed attention
In the marketplace of vitality and veiled women.
But the dancers, O the dancers, priests of devotion
From the high Atlas mountains, perhaps twelve,
A boy of ten, shining men under thirty,
Their feet bare and hard on the bare, hard earth,
Begin to dance to two taut goatskin drums,
Beaten with hard crooked sticks, thin in the diameter,
The one fiercely antiphonal to the other,
Together beating compelling rhythm to action,
Action in the flow of the loose, ancient garments
Of the men as they strike in both hands
Double metal castanets in the dry, high air of late day.
One would come forth, loosening his devotion,
Gyrating and flashing in compelling immediacy,
Total in ecstasy, overwhelming the senses,
And fall back, and another would step forth lightly,
Deftly begin his interpretive energy, total
Devotion to sound, rhythm, style of the dance,
And fall back, and his fellow come out before
To outdo the predecessor, turn and leap and gyrate
In ochre ambience, and the drums' insistence
Proclaiming efficient animal action,

The passion of primitive man exultant,
And each came forward, each leaped taller,
Flashed lower, turned subtler, rose higher
Prolonging intensity of animal strategy,
A rapture of magnitude pervaded the air,
Sound and sense reached to magical ability,
One drummer on his knees, the drum head vertical,
Beat out the passion of ancient centuries,
Appeared the thronging nature of tribal power,
And the laughing gods fell to the earth, spent,
And the high heart bent down with them to the earth,
And the heart was raised up to the Atlas mountains,
In the superabundant, delirious air of sundown,
And the laughing gods fell to the earth, spent,
And the heart bent down with them to the earth,
Cleansed in the nature of rhythm and rite,
The dance was a thing in itself triumphant,
Music and dance the perfection of the free,
And before one could think of the meaning
The driven passion of the drums begins again,
O ancient Africa, O tribal ecstasy!
A dance of six hundred years on the same spot,
They come out again instantaneous and eternal,
And leap and turn, passionately leap and fall,
And all are made whole again under the red sky.
And all is made whole in the heart and time.

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Louis Untermeyer

Consultant in Poetry in English 1961-1963

SONG TOURNAMENT: NEW STYLE

Rain, said the first, as it falls in Venice
Is like the dropping of golden pennies
Into a sea as smooth and bright
As a bowl of curdled malachite.

Storm, sang the next, in the streets of Peking
Is like the ghost of a yellow sea-king,
Scooping the dust to find if he may
Discover what earth has hidden away.

The rush of Spring, smiled the third, in Florence
Is wave upon wave of laughing torrents,
A flood of birds, a water-voiced calling,
A green rain rising instead of falling.

The wind, cried the fourth, in the Bay of Naples
Is a quarrel of leaves among the maples,
A war of sunbeams idly fanned,
A whisper softer than sand on sand.

Then spoke the last: God's endless tears,
Too great for Heaven, anoint the spheres,
While every drop becomes a well
In the fathomless, thirsting heart of Hell.

And thus five bards, who could boast of travel
Fifty miles from their native gravel,
Rose in the sunlight and offered their stanzas
At the shrine of the Poetry Contest in Kansas.

LONG FEUD

Where, without bloodshed, can there be
A more relentless enmity
Than the long feud fought silently

Between man and the growing grass.
Man's the aggressor, for he has
Weapons to humble and harass

The impudent spears that charge upon
His sacred privacy of lawn.
He mows them down, and they are gone

Only to lie in wait, although
He builds above and digs below
Where never a root would dare to go.

His are the triumphs till the day
There's no more grass to cut away;
And, weary of labor, weary of play,

Having exhausted every whim,
He stretches out each conquering limb.
And then the small grass covers him.

COAL FIRE

And once, in some swamp forest, these,
My child, were trees.
Before there was a thing to run,
These dead black chips were one
Green net to hold the sun.
Each leaf in turn was taught the right
Way to drink light.
The smallest twigs were made to learn
How to catch flame and yet not burn.
Branch and then bough began to eat
Their diet of heat.
And so for years, ten million years, or higher,
They held that fire.

And now, from these old splinters that remain,
The fire is loose again.
See how its hundred hands reach here and there,
Fingering the air.
Then, growing bolder, twisting free,
It fastens on the remnants of the tree
And, one by one, consumes them, mounts beyond
them, leaps, is done,
And goes back to the sun

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Howard Nemerov

Consultant in Poetry in English 1963-1964

THE BLUE SWALLOWS

Across the millstream below the bridge
Seven blue swallows divide the air
In shapes invisible and evanescent,
Kaleidoscopic beyond the mind's
Or memory's power to keep them there.

"History is where tensions were,"
"Form is the diagram of forces."
Thus, helplessly, there on the bridge,
While gazing down upon those birds—
How strange, to be above the birds!—
Thus helplessly the mind in its brain
Weaves up relation's spindrift web,
Seeing the swallows' tails as nibs
Dipped in invisible ink, writing . . .

Poor mind, what would you have them
write?

Some cabalistic history
Whose authorship you might ascribe
To God? to Nature? Ah, poor ghost,
You've capitalized your Self enough.
That villainous William of Occam
Cut out the feet from under that dream
Some seven centuries ago.
It's taken that long for the mind
To waken, yawn and stretch, to see
With opened eyes emptied of speech
The real world where the spelling mind
Imposes with its grammar book
Unreal relations on the blue
Swallows. Perhaps when you will have
Fully awakened, I shall show you
A new thing: even the water
Flowing away beneath those birds

Will fail to reflect their flying forms,
And the eyes that see become as stones
Whence never tears shall fall again.

O swallows, swallows, poems are not
The point. Finding again the world,
That is the point, where loveliness
Adorns intelligible things
Because the mind's eye lit the sun.

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**FOR ROBERT FROST,
IN THE AUTUMN, IN VERMONT**

All on the mountains, as on tapestries
Reversed, their threads unreadable though clear,
The leaves turn in the volume of the year.
Your land becomes more brilliant as it dies.

The puzzled pilgrims come, car after car,
With cameras loaded for epiphanies;
For views of failure to take home and prize,
The dying tourists ride through realms of fire.

"To die is gain," a virgin's tombstone said;
That was New England, too, another age
That put a higher price on maidenhead
If brought in dead; now on your turning page
The lines blaze with a constant light, displayed
As in the maple's cold and fiery shade.

Reed Whittemore

Consultant in Poetry in English 1964-1965

CLAMMING

I go digging for clams every two or three years
Just to keep my hand in (I usually cut it),
And whenever I do so I tell the same story: how,
At the age of four,
I was trapped by the tide as I clammed a vanishing sandbar.
It's really no story at all, but I keep telling it
(Seldom adding the end, the commonplace rescue).
It serves my small lust to be thought of as someone who's lived.

I've a war too to fall back on, and some years of flying,
As well as a staggering quota of drunken parties,
A wife and children; but somehow the clamming thing
Gives me an image of me that soothes my psyche
Like none of the louder events: me helpless,
Alone with my sandpail,
As fate in the form of soupy Long Island Sound
Comes stalking me.

My youngest son is that age now.
He's spoiled. He's been sickly.
He's handsome and bright, affectionate and demanding.
I think of the tides when I look at him.
I'd have him alone and sea-girt, poor little boy.

The self, what a brute it is. It wants, wants.
 It will not let go of its even most fictional grandeur,
 But must grope, grope down in the muck of its past
 For some little squirting life and bring it up tenderly
 To the lo and behold of death, that it may weep
 And pass on the weeping, keep it all going.

Son, when you clam,
 Watch out for the tides, take care of yourself,
 Yet no great care,
 Lest you care too much and talk too much of the caring
 And bore your best friends and inhibit your children and sicken
 At last into opera on somebody's sandbar.

Son, when you clam,
 Clam.

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 Minnesota Press.

Stephen Spender

Consultant in Poetry in English 1965–1966

IF IT WERE NOT

If it were not for that
Lean executioner, who stands
Ever beyond a door
With axe raised in both hands—

All my days here would be
One day—the same—the drops
Of light edgeless in light
That no circumference stops.

Mountain, star or flower,
Single with my seeing
Would—gone from sight—draw back again
Each to its separate being

Nor would I hoard against
The obliterating desert
Their crystals of the petalled snow
Glittering on my heart.

My hand would never stir
To follow into stone
Hair the wind outlines on sky.
A moment, and then gone.

What gives edge to remembering
Is death. It's that shows, curled
Within each falling moment
An Antony, a world.

She came into the garden
And walking through deep grass, held up
Our child who, smiling down at her,
Clung to her throat, a cup.

Clocks notch such instances
On time: no time to keep
Beyond the eye's delight
The loss that makes it weep.

I chisel memories
Within a shadowy room
Transmuting gleams of light to ships
Launched into a tomb.

Published by permission of *The London Magazine*, which published an earlier version in *London Magazine Poems*, 1961–66.

James Dickey

Consultant in Poetry in English 1966–1968

THE SHEEP CHILD

Farm boys wild to couple
With anything with soft-wooded trees
With mounds of earth mounds
Of pinestraw will keep themselves off
Animals by legends of their own:
In the hay-tunnel dark
And dung of barns, they will
Say I have heard tell

That in a museum in Atlanta
Way back in a corner somewhere
There's this thing that's only half
Sheep like a woolly baby
Pickled in alcohol because
Those things can't live his eyes
Are open but you can't stand to look
I heard from somebody who . . .

But this is now almost all
Gone. The boys have taken
Their own true wives in the city,
The sheep are safe in the west hill
Pasture but we who were born there
Still are not sure. Are we,
Because we remember, remembered
In the terrible dust of museums?

Merely with his eyes, the sheep-child may

Be saying saying

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James Dickey

*I am here, in my father's house.
 I who am half of your world, came deeply
 To my mother in the long grass
 Of the west pasture, where she stood like moonlight
 Listening for foxes. It was something like love
 From another world that seized her
 From behind, and she gave, not lifting her head
 Out of dew, without ever looking, her best
 Self to that great need. Turned loose, she dipped her face
 Farther into the chill of the earth, and in a sound
 Of sobbing of something stumbling
 Away, began, as she must do,
 To carry me. I woke, dying,*

*In the summer sun of the hillside, with my eyes
 Far more than human. I saw for a blazing moment
 The great grassy world from both sides,
 Man and beast in the round of their need,
 And the hill wind stirred in my wool,
 My hoof and my hand clasped each other,
 I ate my one meal
 Of milk, and died
 Staring. From dark grass I came straight*

*To my father's house, whose dust
 Whirls up in the halls for no reason
 When no ones comes piling deep in a hellish mild corner,
 And, through my immortal waters,
 I meet the sun's grains eye
 To eye, and they fail at my closet of glass.
 Dead, I am most surely living
 In the minds of farm boys: I am also he who drives
 Them like wolves from the hound bitch and calf
 And from th chaste ewe in the wind.
 They go into woods into bean fields they go
 Deep into their known right hands. Dreaming of me,
 They groan they wait they suffer
 Themselves, they marry, they raise their kind.*

William Jay Smith

Consultant in Poetry in English 1968–Present

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

Look at him there in his stovepipe hat,
His high-top shoes, and his handsome collar;
Only my Daddy could look like that,
And I love my Daddy like he loves his Dollar.

The screen door bangs, and it sounds so funny—
There he is in a shower of gold;
His pockets are stuffed with folding money,
His lips are blue, and his hands feel cold.

He hangs in the hall by his black cravat,
The ladies faint, and the children holler:
Only my Daddy could look like that,
And I love my Daddy like he loves his Dollar.

From New Poems by American Poets compiled by Rolfe Humphries (1953). By permission of William Jay Smith. To be reprinted in *New and Selected Poems* by William Jay Smith (A Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press, 1970).

THE IDIOT BELOW THE EL

From summer's tree the leopard leaves are torn
Like faces from the windows of the train,
And at my foot a mad boy's tweed cap falls,
And no moth's born that can disturb his brain.

The traffic, with a sound of cap and bells,
Winds into his ear; his blunted eyes
Are button-hooks, his tight lips twisted shells,
His fingers, candy canes to snare the flies.

Below, the leaves lie still in wind and rain,
And overhead the rails run on and meet
Somewhere outside of time: the clamor dies;
An iron hoop goes clanking down the street.

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William Jay Smith

MORELS

A wet gray day—rain falling slowly, mist over the
valley, mountains dark circumflex smudges in the distance—

Apple blossoms just gone by, the branches feathery still
as if fluttering with half-visible antennae—

A day in May like so many in these green mountains, and
I went out just as I had last year

At the same time, and found them there under the big maples—
by the bend in the road—right where they had stood

Last year and the year before that, risen from the dark duff
of the woods, emerging at odd angles

From spores hidden by curled and matted leaves, a fringe of
rain on the grass around them,

Beads of rain on the mounded leaves and mosses round them,

Not in a ring themselves but ringed by jack-in-the-pulpits
with deep eggplant-colored stripes;

Not ringed but rare, not gilled but polyp-like, having
sprung up overnight—

These mushrooms of the gods, resembling human organs
uprooted, rooted only on the air,

Looking like lungs wrenched from the human body, lungs
reversed, not breathing internally

But being the externalization of breath itself, these
spicy, twisted cones,

These perforated brown-white asparagus tips—these morels,
smelling of wet graham crackers mixed with maple leaves;

And, reaching down by the pale green fern shoots, I nipped
their pulpy stems at the base

And dropped them into a paper bag—a damp brown bag (their
color)—and carried

Them (weighing absolutely nothing) down the hill and into
the house; you held them

Under cold bubbling water and sliced them with a surgeon's
stroke clean through,

and sautéed them over a low flame, butter-brown; and we ate
them then and there—

Tasting of the sweet damp woods and of the rain one inch
above the meadow:

It was like feasting upon air.

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Poster designed by Whitman to advertise his publications. From the outset he was involved in all aspects of bringing his poetry to the public. From the Feinberg Collection in the Library of Congress.

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Walt Whitman

The Man and the Poet

Identified below are the items included in the Library of Congress sesquicentennial exhibit held in the Great Hall from May 1969 to January 1970. The principle of selection and some details about individual items are explained in the article on pages 109–128 of this issue of the *Quarterly Journal*: "The Greatest Whitman Collector and the Greatest Whitman Collection," by John C. Broderick.

WHITMAN THE MAN

Whitman and New York

Annotated photographs of birthplace. July 1890.
 Photograph of Centreport, n.d.
Antoinette the Courtesan. AMs (fragment, 1 p.), 1840's.
 "The Play Ground." AMs (1 p.), 1846.
 "The Little Sleighers," annotated clipping. AMs (1 p.), 1844.
 Deed, with docket. AMs (1 p.), October 25, 1844.
 List of subscribers to *Brooklyn Freeman*. AMs annotated by Whitman (2 p.), July 11, 1848.
 Lafayette in Brooklyn. AMs (2 p.), n.d.
 Letters from a Travelling Bachelor, clippings. AMs (2 p.), 1850.
 Specifications and receipts for mason work. AMs (2 p.), June 14, 1852.
 Long Island: Squaws. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 "Paumanok." AMs (1 p.), February 18, 1888.
 Photograph of Whitman carpenter shop. 1852.
 Portrait of Elias Hicks, painted by Sidney Morse. Note on the portrait. AMs (1 p.), February 3, 1888.
 Brooklyniana: Battle of Brooklyn. AMs (20 p.), n.d.
 Brooklyniana: Retreat from Brooklyn. AMs (2 p.), n.d.
 Brooklyniana: Farm Life. AMs (14 p.), n.d.
 Smallpox 60 years ago, note. AMs (2 p.), n.d.

Brooklyniana: Brooklyn Theatres. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Brooklyniana, trial lines for title. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Name of New York City, note. AMs (4 p.), n.d.
 Distingues I Have Met on Broadway, note. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Notebook. AMs (41 p.), 1855.
 Brooklyniana: Old Ferry. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
Leaves of Grass. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1884 [c 1881].
 Annotated proof of "Starting From Paumanok." AMs (14 p.), n.d.

Whitman and His Family

"Old Salt Kossabone." AMsS (1 p.), 1888.
 Whitman to Louisa Van Velsor Whitman. ALsS, February 6, 1863; April 28, 1863; July 15, 1863.
 Whitman to Capt. William Cook. ALS, February 27, 1865.
 Whitman to Edward Whitman. ALS, November 28, 1890.
 Whitman to Hannah Heyde. ALS, March 17, 1892.
 "Van Velsor Cemetery," annotated page from *Walt Whitman* by R. M. Bucke, 1883. AMs (1 p.).

- Daguerreotype of Whitman's mother, Louisa Van Velsor Whitman, about 1850. (Used as frontispiece of *The Wound Dresser*.)
November Boughs. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1888. Inscribed to his sister, Mary Van Nostrand.
 Whitman Cemetery, marginalia on etching. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Bad cholera year (1832), note. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Receipt docketed by Whitman. AMs (1 p.), October 29, 1849.
 Receipt for board. AMs (1 p.), March 4, 1848.
 Receipt for boots docketed by Whitman. AMsS (1 p.), June 10, 1847.
 Panel pictures of Whitman's mother and father.

Whitman and His Friends

- Horace Traubel—Anne Montgomerie Marriage Record. AMsS (1 p.), May 28, 1891. With picture of Anne Montgomerie.
 Whitman's gold watch, bequeathed to Horace Traubel.
 Note on Traubel. AMsS (1 p.), n.d.
 Page proofs of *November Boughs*. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1888. Inscribed to Horace Traubel.
 John Burroughs to Whitman. ALS, August 2, 1864.
 Walking stick made from calamus root. Gift to Whitman from Burroughs.
 Galley proof annotated by Whitman of John Burroughs' *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. Second edition. AMs (1 p.), October 2, 1890.
 John Burroughs, *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. First edition. New York, American News Co., 1867.
 Diary in Canada. AMs (41 p.), 1880.
Complete Poems and Prose of Walt Whitman 1855 . . . 1888. Philadelphia, Ferguson Brothers & Co., 1888. Presentation copy inscribed to Dr. R. M. Bucke.
 Whitman to Dr. Bucke. 5 ANsS, June 1890.
 Etching of Whitman by Herbert Gilchrist, signed in pencil, "Ag'd 66 Walt Whitman."
 Whitman to John R. Johnston. ALS, June 20, 1877.
 Whitman to Robert Pearsall Smith. ALS, September 12, 1887.

- Whitman to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Harned. ALS, November 7, n.y.
 Whitman to Peter Doyle. ALS, June 30, 1872.
 Whitman to William Sloane Kennedy. ALS (draft), November 8, 1890.
 Autobiographical note on his friends. AMs (1 p.), 1888?
 Annotated photograph of Truman H. Bartlett. AMs (1 p.), September, 1882.
 William Duckett's notes, written by Whitman. AMs (2 p.), 1886-87.

Whitman and the Civil War

- "Beat! Beat! Drums!" AMs (1 p.), 1865.
 Army pass. AMsS (4 p.), December 27, 1862.
 Pass through lines. AMs (1 p.), December 27, 1862.
 "Policy of the War Department Not To Exchange Prisoners." AMs (1 p.), 1864.
 Address book and notebook. AMs (42 p.), September and October 1863.
 Printed circular for *Drum-Taps*. Broadside (1 p.).
 Whitman's appointment as delegate of U.S. Christian Commission. DS (4 p.), January 30, 1863.
 Whitman to Louisa Van Velsor Whitman. ALsS, December 29, 1862; May 13, 1863; June 22, 1863.
 Hospital Book 12. AMsS (86 p.), 1864.
Leaves of Grass. Philadelphia, Rees Welsh & Co., 1882. First Philadelphia edition. Inscribed copy.
 Whitman to the Pratts. ALS, June 10, 1865.
 "A Word for Dead Soldiers," address. AMs (1 p.), 1879.
 Whitman to Bethuel Smith. 2 ALS (drafts), September 1863; December 1874.
 War notes. AMsS (3 p.), n.d.
 Whitman to W. S. Davis. ALS, October 1, 1863.
 Whitman to Miss Gregg. ALS (draft), September 7, 1863.
 Whitman to Miss Howard. ALS, 1865.
 Whitman to Lewis Brown. ALS, November 8, 1863.
Memoranda During the War. Camden, N.J., Author's Publication, 1875-76.
 Whitman's haversack.

"Our Wounded and Sick Soldiers." Annotated proof of article in *New York Times*, December 1864 (1 p.).

Whitman in Washington

Panel pictures of Whitman and Whitman and Peter Doyle.

Washington notebook. AMsS (8 p.), 1863.

Hospital notes. AMs (58 p.), February 11–21, 1863.

Ralph Waldo Emerson to William H. Seward. ALS, January 10, 1863.

Appointment to Attorney General's office. AMs, November 13, 1866.

Whitman's statement of an interview between Mr. Ashton and Secretary Harlan. AMs (6 p.), July 5–8, 1865.

George Hall to Whom it may concern. ALS (in Whitman's hand), 1864.

Proof of title page of *Leaves of Grass*. Washington, D.C., 1871.

Photographs of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Stanberry.

Whitman and Lincoln

James Speed to J. H. Ashton. ALS, December 29, 1866. With title page of *Oration of James Speed at Louisville, Ky.* Louisville, 1867.

"O Captain! My Captain!" AMs (3 p.), 1865.

Annotated photograph of Abraham Lincoln. AMs (1 p.), March 17, 1865.

"Unveil Thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb." AMs (1 p.), April 1865.

Notebook on birds. AMs (10 p.), n.d.

"Death of Abraham Lincoln." AMs (3 p.), April 15, 1890.

Reading book for Lincoln lecture. AMs (50 p.), 1879?

Notebook. AMs (26 p.), 1876–77.

Note on Lincoln essay. AMs (1 p.), 1880?

Whitman to James Redpath. ALS, December 15, 1885.

"Death of Abraham Lincoln," notes. AMs (7 p.), 1883ff., with clipping from *Boston Traveller*, April 16, 1881.

Program for lecture by Walt Whitman on Abraham Lincoln. April 15, 1881.

Ticket of admission. Announcement. Whitman's Lincoln lecture.

Good-Bye My Fancy. 2d annex to *Leaves of Grass*. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1891.

Inscribed presentation copy: "for Horace Traubel from the author June 20, '91."

"As One by One Withdraw the Lofty Actors."

Annotated proof (1 p.), 1888?

Sequel to Drum-Taps. Washington, 1865–66.

Specimen Days

Correction for John Burroughs, *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*, AMs (1 p.), 1890.

Autobiographical notes. AMsS (5 p.), ca. 1871.

Biographical data for John Swinton. AMs (1 p.), 1870.

Walt Whitman's pen.

"Some Personal and Old-Age Memoranda."

AMs (fragments, 7 p.), 1891.

Autobiographical note. AMs (1 p.), 1891.

Autobiographical notes. AMs (6 p.), n.d.

Specimen Days and Collect. AMs (567 p.), 1882.

Proof with autograph corrections of *Specimen Days and Collect*. Philadelphia, Rees Welsh & Co., 1882–83.

Specimen Days and Collect. Philadelphia, Rees Welsh & Co., 1882–83. First edition, first issue.

Scrapbook on *Specimen Days and Collect*. AMs (84 p.), 1882–83.

Advertisement for *Specimen Days and Collect*. AMs (1 p.), 1882.

Note for daybook. AMs (1 p.), 1886.

Whitman to Richard W. Colles. ANS, August 24, 1886.

Last Years in Camden

Photograph, signed. 1876.

"How I Get Around at 60 and Take Notes." AMs (3 p.), April 1881.

Notes on illness. AMs (1 p.), February 27, 1874.

Map of Mickle Street. AMs (1 p.), June 1890.

Annotated photograph of 328 Mickle Street. AMs (1 p.), 1890.

Annotated photograph of Mickle Street. AMs (1 p.), 1890.

Commonplace book. AMs (398 p.), 1876–89.

70th Birthday Dinner card. May 31, 1889.

70th Birthday Dinner ticket. May 31, 1889.

Complimentary Dinner, comment. AMs (1 p.), May 1889.

- Annotated railroad map showing Whitman's travels. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Perfect health, note. AMs (1 p.), January 20, 1889.
 Autobiographical note. AMs (1 p.), January 20, 1890.
 Remarks on Ingersoll lecture. AMs (1 p.), October 1890.
 Note for wheelchair. AMs (1 p.), May 7, 1889.
 Annotated photograph (last picture of Whitman). AMs (1 p.), 1890.
 Commonplace book. AMs (60 p.), 1889-91.
 Annotated portrait of Whitman. AMs (1 p.), October 3, 1890.
 Burial vault design. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 "Whispers of Heavenly Death." AMs (15 p.), 1870.
 "Sail Out for Good, Eidolon Yacht." AMs (1 p.), July 30, 1890.
 Whitman's spectacles.
 Program for birthday dinner, May 31, 1890.

WHITMAN THE POET

Leaves of Grass—I

- "An American Primer." AMs (111 p.), 1855-61.
 "True Likeness of Walt Whitman's Poetry." AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 "What I Would Arouse," note. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Introduction to *A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads*. AMs (2 p.), May 1889.
 "Philosophy of Leaves of Grass." AMs (3 p.), 1876.
 "Walt Whitman on Poetry," annotated proof sheet. AMs (1 p.), 1882.
 Notes for poetry and prose. AMs (4 p.), before 1855.
 Biographical note. AMs (1 p.), after 1855.
 Picture of Whitman, about 1855.
 Only known manuscript page of first edition of *Leaves of Grass*. List of words on back. AMs (2 p.), 1855.
 Statement by Charles Jenkins on bindings for first edition of *Leaves of Grass*. AMs (1 p.), 1856.
 Announcements for *Leaves of Grass*. 1855.
 Copyright notice. Ms. note (1 p.), June 1855.
Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, 1855. First edition, first issue.

- Leaves of Grass*. Brooklyn, 1855. First edition, first issue. (Pasted on title page: "London Wm. Horsell, 492, Oxford-Street.")
Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, 1855. First edition, second issue. Inscribed copy from R. M. Bucke collection.
Leaves of Grass. Preface to the Original Edition, 1855. London, Trübner & Co., 1881. Inscribed: Horace L. Traubel, Dec. 1890.

Leaves of Grass—II

- Ralph Waldo Emerson to Whitman. ALS, July 21, 1855.
 Emerson to Whitman. Broadside, 1855. (Reprint of letter of July 21, 1855.)
 "Some Personal and Old-Age Memoranda." AMs and broadside (1 p.), 1855, 1891.
 Press notices. Galley proofs of three notices included in *Leaves of Grass* (Brooklyn, 1855), first edition, second issue.
Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, 1856. Second edition. Inscribed copy from R. M. Bucke collection.
Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, 1856. Second edition. Fanny Fern to Whitman. ALS, March 21, 1856.
 Note on *Fresh Fern Leaves*; marginalia. AMs (1 p.), 1856.
 "Priests!" AMs (1 p.), 1855.
 S. R. Wells to Walt Whitman. ALS, June 7, 1856.
 "Children of Adam," trial lines. AMs (2 p.), n.d.
 Thayer and Eldridge to Whitman. ALS, June 14, 1860.
Leaves of Grass Imprints. Boston, Thayer and Eldridge, 1860.
 Suppression of *Leaves of Grass*, memorandum. AMs (3 p.), April 15, 1882.
 John Burroughs to Whitman. ALS, May 1, 1882.
 Original brass dies used in 1860-61 edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

Leaves of Grass—III

- Whitman to Dr. R. M. Bucke. ALsS, February 10, 1891; December 6, 1891.
 Plate for title page, *Leaves of Grass* ("Death-Bed edition"). Original plate, not used because of Whitman's illness.
Leaves of Grass. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1891-92. "Death-Bed edition." Presentation

- copy in gray paper wrappers with yellow label. Inscription on fly-leaf in Horace Traubel's autograph: "Received from Walt Whitman Dec. 8-10, 1891."
- Whitman's advance proof copy of *Leaves of Grass* ("Death-Bed edition").
- Title page, with instructions to printer for *Leaves of Grass*, 1891-92. AMs (1 p.), 1891.
- Stamp for *Leaves of Grass*, 1891-92. AMs (1 p.), January 24, 1892.
- Instructions for card. AMs (1 p.), May 1891.
- "To the Foreman & to the Compositor"; note. AMs (1 p.), February 1891.
- "Instructions to Maker Up"; note. AMs (1 p.), March 1891.
- Leaves of Grass*. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1891-92. "Death-Bed edition." In brown wrappers.
- Panel pictures of Whitman in 1855 and 1887.

Whitman and American Writers

- "By Emerson's Grave." AMs (5 p.), 1882.
- Whitman to Emerson. ALS (draft), November 30, 1868.
- Notes on Joaquin Miller. AMs (4 p.), 1872, 1875.
- Whitman to A. Bronson Alcott. ALS (draft), April 26, 1868.
- List of Boston Cottage Fund subscribers. AMs in hand of Sylvester Baxter (3 p.), October 8, 1887.
- Walt Whitman's Buggy and Horse; brochure.
- Oliver Wendell Holmes to Thomas Donaldson. ALS, September 4, 1885.
- "In Memory of Thomas Paine." AMsS (6 p.), October 2, 1876.
- "Edgar Poe's Significance." AMs (6 p.), January 1, 1880.
- "The Trail"; notes for a poem. AMs (3 p.), 1872.
- "Of Emerson and the New England Set." AMs (1 p.), 1875.
- "Whittier's Poetry." AMs (1 p.), n.d.
- "Death of Longfellow." AMs (7 p.), April 3, 1882.
- John Burroughs to Whitman. ALS, August 24, 1879. With photograph of Burroughs.
- Check from W. D. Ticknor, March 6, 1876, in payment for "Bardic Symbols."
- Note on rejected poems. AMs (1 p.), June 1890.

Passage to India

- "Prayer of Columbus"; original idea for poem. AMs notes on clipping (1 p.), May 1869.
- "Prayer of Columbus"; trial lines. AMs (2 p.), 1869-73.
- Whitman to editors of *Overland Monthly* and reply. ALsS, April 4, 1870; April 13, 1870.
- "Preface" to *Passage to India*. AMs, 1876.
- Plate proofs of *Passage to India*. New-York, J. S. Redfield, 1871. "New-York" corrected to "Washington" in imprint.
- Passage to India*. Washington, D.C., 1871. Presentation copy inscribed: "Horace Traubel from Walt Whitman, Jan. 20, '89."
- Panel pictures of Whitman in the 1860's and 1870's.
- "A Thought of Columbus" (Whitman's last poem). AMs (5 p.), 1892.

Whitman and World Literature

- "On Heine." AMs (1 p.), 1891.
- "On Walter Scott." AMs (1 p.), n.d.
- Whitman to Thomas Carlyle. ALS (draft), September 3, 1872.
- Quotation from Carlyle. AMs (1 p.), November 10, 1888.
- "Walt Whitman in Russia." Article from *The Critic* (June 16, 1883), with marginalia (1 p.).
- "A French Opinion of Walt Whitman." Proof of article from *New York Commercial Advertiser* (June 19, 1872), with marginalia (1 p.).
- "Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman"; list of persons to be sent notices of celebration. AMs (1 p.), November 4, 1889.
- Whitman to Edward Dowden. ALS (draft), August 22, 1871. With Whitman's copy of Dowden's article on Whitman in *Westminster Review* (July 1871).
- Whitman to J. Addington Symonds. ANS, March 30, 1891.
- "Ueber Wordsworth and Walt Whitman." Reprint of lecture by T. W. Rolleston, with autograph corrections by Whitman. AMs (24 p.), 1883.
- "The American Democratic Poet." Article in Danish by Rudolf Schmidt (64 p.), February 1872.
- "Walt Whitman, the Poet of Joy." Article by Arthur Clive, in *Gentleman's Magazine* (De-

- ember 1875), annotated by Whitman (12 p.)
 "The Mystic Trumpeter." Hungarian translation with marginalia (6 p.), January 19, 1873.
 Notebook on Plato. AMs (12 p.), 1858.
 Notebook on Homer. AMs (27, 4 p.), 1872.
 "The Nibelungen Leid" [sic]. AMs (7 p.), n.d.
 "America to Old-World Bards." AMs (5 p.), October 1890.
 "Shakespeare for America." Offprint from *Poet-Lore* (1 p.), September 26, 1890.
 "Montaigne on Art." AMs (1 p.), March 1883.
 Note comparing Homer, Shakespeare, and *Leaves of Grass*. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 "Goethean Theory." AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 "Books of WW"; note on those "often read." AMs (1 p.), n.d.
The Odyssey of Homer, translated by T. A. Buckley. London, H. G. Bohn, 1863. Inscribed and autographed copy.
The Tragedies of Euripides, translated by T. A. Buckley. Vol. II. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1857. Inscribed and autographed copy.
 Marginalia on Chaucer. AMs (82 p.), n.d.

Democratic Vistas

- Original rough manuscript of *Democratic Vistas*. AMs (63 p.), 1871.
 Plate proofs of *Democratic Vistas*. New York, 1871. Corrected to "Washington" in imprint.
Democratic Vistas. Washington, 1871. First edition.
 "Democracy"; notes. AMs (3 p.), n.d.
 "Personalism"; note. AMs (5 p.), n.d.
 Whitman to the Church brothers in regard to articles in *The Galaxy*. ALsS, October 19, 1867; April 30, 1868.
 "The Eighteenth Presidency." Proof sheets (2 p.), 1856.
 Notebook on democracy, etc. AMs (80 p.), 1884?
 Note on democracy. AMs (1 p.), 1882-83.
 "The States and Their Resources"; notes. AMss (29 p.), n.d.
 "A Song America Demands"; note. AMs (1 p.), July 29, 1888.
 "The New World"; note. AMs (1 p.), n.d.
 Autobiographical notes. AMs (6 p.), n.d.
 "Agitations, Dangers, in America." AMs (3½ p.), n.d.

Santa Fe Tertio Millennial Anniversary. Broad-side with autograph notations (1 p.), 1883.

Some Early Editions

- Leaves of Grass*. Boston, Thayer & Eldridge, 1860-61. Third edition, first issue, advance copy.
 "O Earth, My Likeness." AMs (1 p.), 1860.
Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps. New York, 1865. First edition, first issue. Inscribed: "To Thomas Blaine Donaldson, from his friend Walt Whitman."
 "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" AMs (1 p.), ca. 1855.
After All, Not to Create Only. Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1871. First edition, second issue. Inscribed.
 "After All, Not to Create Only." AMs (30 p.), 1871.
As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free. And Other Poems. Washington, D.C., 1872. Inscribed.
 "The Mystic Trumpeter." AMs (21 p.), 1871-72.
Two Rivulets, Including Democratic Vistas, Centennial Songs, and Passage to India. Author's edition. Camden, N.J., 1876. Inscribed.
 "To a Locomotive in Winter." AMs (14 p.), 1874.
Leaves of Grass. Author's edition. Camden, N.J., 1882. Inscribed.
 "A Clear Midnight." AMs (1 p.), December 2, 1880.
November Boughs. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1888. Inscribed: "Sept: 22 '88 Horace Traubel with best memories and thanks of Walt Whitman."
 "If I Should Need to Name, O Western World." AMsS (2 p.), October 25, 1884.
Good-Bye My Fancy. 2d Annex to *Leaves of Grass*. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1891.
 "L. of G.'s Purport." AMs (1 p.), 1891. (Also: "My Task," "Death Dogs My Steps," and "For us Two, Reader dear.")
Complete Poems and Prose of Walt Whitman 1855 . . . 1888. Philadelphia, Ferguson Brothers & Co., 1888. Inscribed presentation copy.
 Panel-size poster designed by Whitman to announce his various publications.

Poetry in Library of Congress Publications and Recordings

Priced publications, unless otherwise noted, may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Out-of-print items may be obtained as electrostatic prints from the Library of Congress, Photoduplication Service, Washington, D.C. 20540.

American Poetry at Mid-Century. 1958. 49 p. Out of print.

New Poets and Old Muses, by John Crowe Ransom. The Present State of Poetry, by Delmore Schwartz. The Two Knowledges, by John Hall Wheelock.

Anni Mirabiles, 1921-25; Reason in the Madness of Letters, by Richard P. Blackmur. 1956. 55 p. Out of print.

Anniversary Lectures. 1959. 56 p. 25 cents.

Robert Burns, by Robert S. Hillyer. The House of Poe, by Richard Wilbur. Alfred Edward Housman, by Cleanth Brooks.

Carl Sandburg. A lecture by Mark Van Doren, with a bibliography of Sandburg materials in the collections of the Library of Congress. 1969. 83 p. 50 cents.

Chaos and Control in Poetry. A lecture by Stephen Spender. 1966. 14 p. 15 cents.

Children and Poetry. A selective, annotated bibliography compiled by Virginia Haviland and William Jay Smith. 1969. 67 p. 75 cents.

Dante Alighieri. Three lectures. 1965. 53 p. 25 cents.

The Interest in Dante Shown by Nineteenth-Century American Men of Letters, by J. Chesley Mathews. On Reading Dante in 1965: The *Divine Comedy* as a "Bridge Across Time," by

Francis Fergusson. The Relevance of the *Inferno*, by John Ciardi.

Edwin Arlington Robinson: A Reappraisal, by Louis Untermeyer. With a bibliography and a list of materials in the Edwin Arlington Robinson exhibit. 1963. Out of print.

French and German Letters Today. Four lectures. 1960. 53 p. Out of print.

Lines of Force in French Poetry, by Pierre Emmanuel. Latest Trends in French Prose, by Alain Bosquet. The Modern German Mind: the Legacy of Nietzsche, by Erich Heller. Crossing the Zero Point: German Literature Since World War II, by Hans Egon Holthusen.

From Poe to Valéry. A lecture by T. S. Eliot delivered at the Library of Congress. 1949. 16 p. Reprinted from the *Hudson Review*, autumn 1949. Out of print.

The Goethe Centuries, 1749-1949. An exhibition commemorating the bicentennial of the birth of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. 1950. 60 p. Out of print.

The Imagination in the Modern World. Three lectures by Stephen Spender. 1962. 40 p. Out of print.

The Imagination as Verb. The Organic, the Orchidaceous, the Intellectualized. Imagination Means Individuation.

Literary Recordings. A Checklist of the Archive of Recorded Poetry and Literature in the Library of Congress. 1966. 190 p. 70 cents.

Metaphor as Pure Adventure. A lecture by James Dickey. 1968. 20 p. 25 cents.

National Poetry Festival, Held in the Library of Congress, October 22-24, 1962: Proceedings. 1964. 367 p. Out of print.

The One Hundred and Twentieth Anniversary of the Birth of Walt Whitman. Catalog of an exhibit from the collections of Mrs. Frank Julian Sprague of New York City. 1939. 71 p. Out of print.

Perspectives: Recent Literature of Russia, China, Italy, and Spain. Four lectures. 1961. 57 p. Out of print.

Russian Soviet Literature Today, by Marc Slonim. Chinese Letters Since the Literary Revolution (1917), by Lin Yutang. The Progress of Realism in the Italian Novel, by Giose Rimanelli. The Contemporary Literature of Spain, by Arturo Torres-Rioseco.

Randall Jarrell, by Karl Shapiro. With a bibliography of Jarrell materials in the collections of the Library of Congress. 1967. 47 p. 25 cents.

Robert Frost: A Backward Look, by Louis Untermeyer. With a selective bibliography. 1964. 40 p. 25 cents.

Sixty American Poets, 1896-1944. Selected, with preface and critical note, by Allen Tate. Rev. ed. 1954. 155 p. Reprint available from Gale Research Co. \$6.50.

Spinning the Crystal Ball: Some Guesses at the Future of American Poetry, by James Dickey. 1967. 22 p. 15 cents.

Walt Whitman. A catalog based upon the collections of the Library of Congress, with notes on Whitman collections and collectors by Charles E. Feinberg. 1955. xviii, 147 p. Reprint available from J. S. Canner & Co. \$7.50.

Walt Whitman: Man, Poet, Philosopher. 1955, reprinted 1969 with new cover. 53 p. 25 cents.

The Man, by Gay Wilson Allen. The Poet, by Mark Van Doren. The Philosopher, by David Daiches.

Ways of Misunderstanding Poetry. A lecture by Reed Whittemore. 1965. 13 p. 15 cents.

Works in the Humanities Published in Great Britain, 1939-1946. A selective list prepared by Louise Bogan. 1950. 123 p. Out of print.

The Writer's Experience. 1964. 32 p. Out of print.

Hidden Name and Complex Fate: A Writer's Experience in the United States, by Ralph Ellison. American Poet? by Karl Shapiro.

The following recordings may be purchased from the Library of Congress, Music Division, Recording Laboratory, Washington, D.C. 20540, for \$4.95 each except as noted.

**Twentieth Century Poetry in English:
Recordings of Poets Reading Their Own Poems**

PL 1 Katherine Garrison Chapin, Mark Van Doren, W. H. Auden, and Richard Eberhart

PL 2 Louise Bogan, Paul Engle, Marianne Moore, and Allen Tate

PL 3 T. S. Eliot

PL 4 John Gould Fletcher, John Malcolm Brinnin, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Penn Warren

PL 5 E. E. Cummings, Robinson Jeffers, Theodore Spencer, and John Crowe Ransom

PL 6 Robert Frost

PL 7 William Meredith, Yvor Winters, Randall Jarrell, and Karl Shapiro

PL 8 Herbert Read, Phelps Putnam, John Berryman, and Horace Gregory

PL 9 Delmore Schwartz, Richard Blackmur, Stephen Spender, and Elizabeth Bishop

PL 10 Theodore Roethke, Witter Bynner, Robert Fitzgerald, and Marya Zaturenska

PL 11 Robert Lowell, Conrad Aiken, William Empson, and Archibald MacLeish

PL 12 Muriel Rukeyser, Howard Baker, Léonie Adams, and Janet Lewis

PL 20-22 An Album of Modern Poetry: An

Anthology Read by 46 Poets. Edited by Oscar Williams. \$14.05

PL 23 Stephen Vincent Benét and Edwin Muir

PL 24 John Peale Bishop and Maxwell Bodenheim

PL 25 Robert Hillyer and John Hall Wheelock

PL 26 I. A. Richards and Oscar Williams

PL 27 John Ciardi and W. D. Snodgrass

PL 28 Daniel G. Hoffman and Ned O'Gorman

PL 29 Nine Pulitzer Prize Poets Reading Their Own Poems: Archibald MacLeish, Peter Viereck, Theodore Roethke, Richard Wilbur, Robert Penn Warren, Stanley Kunitz, W. D. Snodgrass, Phyllis McGinley, and Alan Dugan

PL 30 William Jay Smith Reading His Poems for Children

PL 31 William Jay Smith Reading His Poems for Children

Recordings of "Leaves of Grass" Centennial

PL 13 A Lecture by Gay Wilson Allen: Whitman the Man

PL 14 A Lecture by Mark Van Doren: Whitman the Poet

PL 15 A Lecture by David Daiches: Whitman the Philosopher

PL 16 A Reading by Arnold Moss: Walt Whitman Speaks for Himself

PL 17 A Reading by Arnold Moss: Walt Whitman Speaks for Himself

Some Recent Publications of the Library of Congress¹

A Directory of Information Resources in the United States: General Toxicology. 293 p. \$3. Compiled by the National Referral Center for Science and Technology with support from the Toxicology Information Program in the National Library of Medicine. The *Directory* contains descriptions of more than 750 organizations able to meet specific information needs related to toxicology. Included are Federal, State, and local government agencies, academic and industrial research groups, professional societies, national associations, laboratories, libraries, herbariums, and museums, each described according to its toxicology-related interests, overall holdings, publications, and information services. A directory of poison control centers and listings of U.S. journals and professional societies active in toxicology are included as appendixes. Subject and geographic indexes are provided.

Presidential Inaugurations, a Selected List of References. 230 p. \$2. Compiled by Ruth S. Freitag, General Reference and Bibliography Division. This list, a complete revision and updating of the 1960 edition and its 1964 supplement, includes over 1,500 citations to books, documents, memorabilia, and material in periodicals and newspapers about Presidential inaugurations from 1789 through 1969. The bibliography comprises a general section, six sections on topics such as Bibles, music, weather, and inaugural balls, and sections on the inauguration of the individual Presidents. There is an author and subject index. The cover reproduces the Lacour-Doolittle "Federal Hall," the only known contemporary illustration of President Washington's first inauguration. Seven other illustrations, all from 19th-century

¹ For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, unless otherwise noted.

sources, depict such typical scenes as the oath-taking ceremony, a parade, a fireworks display, and several inaugural balls.

The Sousa Band: A Discography, compiled by James R. Smart of the Music Division. 123 p. \$1.50. This work presents in a single source the recording history of the Sousa Band from 1890 to 1931, compiled primarily from collections of catalogs and recordings in the Recorded Sound Section of the Music Division. The introductory text includes a brief description of the early phonograph and Sousa's reaction to it. The remainder of the work consists of a catalog of all known domestic recordings made by the Sousa Band and by the U.S. Marine Band and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company Band under Sousa's leadership.



In commemoration of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, the Library of Congress is offering for sale as its Facsimile No. 4 a print of Paul Revere's engraving of the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770, produced through the Verner W. Clapp Publication Fund and in press at the same time as this issue of the *Quarterly Journal*. The full-color facsimile of the engraving, one of the best known ever produced in America, is presented in a red folder, which forms a mat for the print. A description of the events leading to the massacre and to the production of the engraving appears on the folder. The facsimile will be sold by the Information Office of the Library of Congress for \$1.50.

